A YEAR OF GAMES

CAROLYN H. STERN

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by

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

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INTRODUCTION

For many years both as a teacher in our religious schools and in the elementary and secondary schools of this city, the writer has been convinced of the educational value of games.

All of the games in this collection have one merit, if no more—they hold not merely theoretical interest for children but have actually been played by many groups, varying in size and in the age of the participants, with the same result—an attempt by the pupils so to conduct themselves during the earlier part of each lesson that the reward of "a new game" at its climax might be theirs.

It has been found most helpful to:

(a) Limit the games to ten minutes.

(b) Have a definite part of the morning set aside as game time. (The last ten minutes of each morning might be used.)

(c) Allow nothing to interfere with game time if the children's attitude has been such that they deserve this reward.

(d) Play no game too often successively, no matter how attractive it may be to the children.

(e) Have each game clearly outlined in the mind of the leader before it is attempted by the group. This may necessitate home work on the part of the teacher.

The writer wishes to forestall criticism by stating that she realizes that the games in this book differ greatly in their educational value. Their purpose, too, varies, but each one has left the participant somewhat richer—whether in the possession of an added bit of knowledge of the history of his people, in the spelling of difficult historical names and places or merely in the feeling of that sense of good fun that comes of sharing a laugh with one's classmates.

It is not expected that any class will cover the historical work as rapidly as is outlined here, but in order to play some of the games a knowledge of more advanced work was necessary. Hence the speed with which the ground was apparently covered.

The writer gratefully acknowledges the kindly commendation and encouragement she received from Dr. Stephen S. Wise of Free Synagogue, Dr. Nathan Krass of Temple Emanu-El, and Dr. Jonah B. Wise of Central Synagogue.

In conclusion it should be said that all of the children mentioned in this book are real friends of the author with whom she shares many memories of pleasant hours profitably spent.

CAROLYN H. STERN

New York City,
August, 1926.

A YEAR OF GAMES

I WONDER WHAT?

It was the very first hour of their very first day at the Sunday School, and one little group—it must be admitted—felt a bit lonely and strange and timid.

They had attended an assembly in a pleasant auditorium, it is true. But songs were sung of which they knew nothing, and stories whose characters seemed old friends to the other children, were unknown to the new pupils, and even the prayer, the first time it was heard, seemed rather hard to understand. Was Sunday School as interesting as they had pictured it? Would they ever feel at home with this earnest intelligent group of girls and boys who seemed to know just what to do and what to say?

And then the assembly period came to an end and Sunday School really "began" for them. For they were greeted by a cordially smiling young lady and led to the loveliest classroom in the world, they thought.

Large windows on two sides allowed the sun to stream in brightly. Interesting pictures, mounted on gray cardboard, hinted at their story and made the children wonder when they would know what it was all about. A small cabinet seemed filled with at-

tractive books, brightly shining pairs of scissors, paste, clay, and many other mysterious and delightful things which they felt it would be a joy to touch and to use.

There were even tiny models—copies of articles they had seen on the Sabbath in the synagogue—a small menorah, a ram's horn, a mezuzzah, a Sefer Torah, to say nothing of a mysterious wand, which some of them vaguely remembered having seen waved in all directions in the Temple Sukkah.

On the deep window sill, pots with gay plants made the room look homelike while on the other hand the large blackboard and maps gave it the appearance of a real school room—a typical workshop. The circle of movable chairs with their large desk-arms seemed to send a silent welcome to the little group, while, once seated, each child could see the faces of all the other members of the class. And soon work was to begin.

But it was the young teacher, Miss Lucille Ruth, who won their hearts at once. She seemed to combine all the good qualities of a dear older sister and a beloved young aunt. She *was* so good to look at—an attractively dressed, slim, pretty, blond girl, with laughing eyes and kindly ways.

Her little group of five girls and five boys rather varied in age but they had one thing in common—none of them had been to Sunday School before. And so it was decided to form a special class for them—one where a mingling of work and play, social

service and religious instruction, would make their year a happy one.

There were the eight year old twins, Jean and John, who never *could* sit still. With them was their older brother, David, who, because of his added year, felt it his duty to keep them in place. There were the five ten year olds—May, Jane, Richard, Martin and Anne, while eleven year old Rosalie and twelve year old Morris completed the class.

"A nice group," thought Miss Ruth as she glanced at their youthful faces—some eager, some wistful, some frankly puzzled, the twins a bit timid, it is true, but all intensely interested in what the first day would bring forth.

And then a new world opened up for this little group of Sunday School beginners. For under the sympathetic and understanding guidance of their teacher, just a bit of the beautiful story of their people's splendid past was unfolded to them.

How intently they listened to her words when she told them the charming stories of the boyhood of Abraham, that first brave Jew—stories told by the good rabbis to their little boys and girls and lovingly handed down from generation to generation.

And now Miss Ruth's stories were finished but she was promising them something more wonderful still.

"Each week," she said, "we will end our work with a game."

"A game in Sunday School?" This from Anne who thought her teacher was jesting.

"Why not? These games will not only give us pleasure and rest from our studies, but will help us to remember what we have learned and to understand perhaps a little more clearly what has gone before. Our game for today will be called

I WONDER WHAT?

"Morris will leave the classroom while we decide on some article or person mentioned in today's lesson. When he returns he may ask any question he likes about what we have chosen. To all his questions, though, we will simply answer "Yes," or "No." If he guesses what we have in mind another child may have a chance to be questioner.

"If Morris gives up we must tell him the answer and he will try again."

The children were delighted with this description of the game and urged Morris to go quickly and far away so that he could not hear.

"Now, what shall we take," asked their teacher when Morris had left them.

Various things were suggested—Lot, Abraham's camel, a shepherd, Sarah's tent,—but at last it was decided to take the wooden idols of Terah, Abraham's father.

"Come back, Morris," sang the children, and Morris returned, full of curiosity.

"Is it an animal," he asked Rosalie.

"No."

"Mineral?"

"No," said John who sat next to Rosalie.

"Vegetable?"

"Yes," said David who came next.

"Can I eat it?"

"Oh, no!" answered Jane.

"Does anyone eat it?"

"No," much laughter from the class.

"Did I ever see one?"

"Yes."

"In my home?"

"No!!"

"At the grocers? It's vegetable, you say."

"No!" exploded the class.

"You forget no one eats them," said Anne.

"A vegetable which no one eats! Oh, it may be a tree! Is it the wood of a tree?"

"Yes, but for what is it used?"

"Think of the lesson," said Miss Ruth.

"Oh Miss Ruth, that's not fair, you're helping him!"

But in spite of Miss Ruth's help, it took Morris a long time to guess "idol" and then "Terah's idols."

"What fun that game is. May we play it again next week, Miss Ruth?"

"You may for a few minutes, if you care to, but each week will have its own game."

"A new one *each* week?"

"I try to keep my promises," smiled their teacher.

Twelve o'clock came all too soon and with it dismissal until another Sunday. But not until all the children had agreed that the best way to spend a Sunday morning was at a Sunday School.

BIBLICAL BASEBALL

The second meeting of Miss Ruth's class seemed so long in coming but when it finally arrived all the pupils were in place on time, hard put to restrain their curiosity as to what this morning would bring to them.

Once more they met the rest of the school at assembly but this time they really seemed to "belong," for they had purchased hymn books and sung the songs at home during the week and Miss Ruth had carefully explained the difficult verses and the school prayer to them.

Arrived in their cosy classroom, they eagerly followed the visit of the angels to Abraham. Lot's foolish choice of riches rather than good friends surprised and grieved them and they had naught but scorn for the wicked Sodomites. But they felt happier to see that Lot had not quite forgotten his manners in greeting and protecting the strangers and rejoiced at any rate that Lot and his daughters learned their lesson at last.

"Game time," announced Miss Ruth.

"Oh! What are we going to play today?"

But instead of answering, Miss Ruth was taking from her desk some dainty little white cards.

"How many of you enjoy baseball?"

"Me."

"I do."

"Me too," chorused the children.

"Did you ever hear of baseball played in a Sunday School?"

Ten round-eyed children merely gazed at the teacher wondering what would come next.

"Our game for today is called

BIBLICAL BASEBALL.

"John, place your chair near the door. We will call that *first base.* David, yours goes over here at *second base.* Yours is *third base,* Richard, and yours, Martin, is *home plate.*

"Rosalie and Morris, the two oldest, may be captains of the opposing teams.

"Rosalie, what should we call your team? The Giants? Very well. And yours, Morris, will be the Yankees? Fine!

"As there are only ten of us there will be five on each team, counting the captain.

"First Rosalie will select one member of her team and then Morris gets a chance to do likewise until all are chosen. Now begin."

Rosalie's team consisted of Jean, Jane, Martin and David, while May, John, Richard, and Anne were on Morris' side.

"On these cards I have written some questions dealing with the work we have taken up so far.

"The Giants will go to bat first. If Captain Rosalie answers the first question correctly she goes on first base. Jean is standing next to her captain so she gets the next chance. If she answers cor-

rectly her answer pushes the captain to second base, while she, herself, is on first. If she misses she is "out." Three "outs" retire a team and give the opposing team a chance. The third one to answer correctly puts captain on third base, Jean on second base and Jane, the one who has answered, goes on first base. Should Martin answer correctly, the captain makes a "run." If David, the fifth one to answer, does not miss, Jean makes home plate, etc.

"We will keep score and the team with the fewest "outs" and the most "runs" wins.

"But the best way to learn a game is to play it, so—Giants, your pitcher is at the bat."

Then the teacher read from her card, "Who was the first Jew?"

"Abraham," said Rosalie, going to first base.

"What was the name of Abraham's father?"

"Terah," said Jean going to first base while Rosalie moved to second.

"Where did Terah live?"

Jane did not know, so, "One out," triumphantly sang the Yankees.

But Martin did, so Rosalie moved to third base, Jean to second, Martin to first.

David answered correctly the teacher's next question, so on the chart was recorded the Giant's first "run."

Because of the few children on each side, Rosalie took her place behind David, answering the fifth question and sending to home plate, Jean, who had progressed to third base because of David's correct

answer. But alas! Jean and Martin missed the next question, so off the field went the Giants, giving the Yankees a chance.

When scores were read, the Yankees claimed the victory for the record showed:

	Outs	*Runs*
Giants	xxx	xx
Yankees	xx	xxxx

"This was a great game, but we must keep our wits about us, mustn't we, Miss Ruth," said wise John.

"Will next week's game be as much fun?"

"Wait and see. Be sure you're all early so that we may finish our work and have plenty of time for a new kind of play."

And with a happy "Good morning to all" the group separated for another week.

BIBLICAL BEAN BAG

How it rained the third Sunday of the term! But never a one of the Special Class was missing. Proud of her group was Miss Ruth and proud of their beautiful silk banner with "100% Attendance Today" were all the members of the class.

Hagar's flight with young Ishmael to the desert brought tears to the eyes of imaginative Jean and Miss Ruth had all she could do to comfort her. But the story of Isaac and Abraham—the father's willingness to give to God all that made life dear—thrilled and really awed them all.

And so it was rather a relief, a lighter vein, that "game time" brought to the group.

"Oh Miss Ruth, what are you going to do with that pretty bean bag?" asked inquisitive John.

"What one usually does with it. Here—catch," replied his teacher.

John caught and held it tightly while their teacher explained the game.

"It is called

BIBLICAL BEAN BAG or the THREE B'S.

"I shall be leader first and shall stand in the center of your circle. I may throw the bag to whomever I wish and demand any word you can think of appearing in your Bible lessons, beginning with a

given letter. If you who catch the bag can give me a word before I count to ten, you may be leader. If you are not quick enough, I continue to be leader. No word may be repeated. If I'm clever, I shall look at one of you but shall toss the bag to another, taking you unawares. Now begin."

They needed no second bidding, but before you could count five a circle had been formed with Miss Ruth in the middle.

"A word beginning with *C,*" said Miss Ruth looking at Jean but tossing the bag to David.

"Cubit," said David triumphantly before Miss Ruth could begin to count.

"One beginning with *I.*"

"Isaac, that's easy," said Anne to whom David had thrown the bag.

"One beginning with *S;*" but Martin, who caught the bag, was panic stricken, and so—"Ten, you miss, I'm leader again," shouted Anne.

On and on, rapidly went the game, the children jumping up and down in their excitement.

"Gong, gong," pealed the dismissal bell.

"It can't be time to go," wailed the class.

But it really was, and so, reluctantly, the group parted, to meet again another week.

BROKEN QUOTATIONS

"How many will go with me to a wedding today?" was Miss Ruth's greeting to her group.

"Oh, take me, Miss Ruth."

"I'd love to go."

"And me."

"And me."

"Me too."

"A real wedding, Miss Ruth? Will there be bridesmaids? And pretty dresses and presents?"

"Of course it's real! As real as possible. But this wedding took place not in New York but in ancient Hebron, more than three thousand years ago, so come with me to the wishing carpet or, better still, on camels and we'll travel back, back, through the ages to the tent of our old friend Abraham, who . . ."

And for another morning our group re-lived with the patriarch his desire for a wife for young Isaac, especially now that Sarah, the light of their home, was no longer with him. Eliezer's devotion gained their admiration; Rebecca's courtesy, their love; but Isaac's gentleness won their hearts. The story of the wells that patient Isaac digged opened a new line of thought to them; water became a real blessing—something to be thankful for and to be thought about and valued as a precious gift.

All the stories were told in Biblical language; parts were read by the children from their own Bibles both in school and at home and so almost unconsciously a goodly number of Biblical quotations had been learned. Miss Ruth had planned to review with her group those priceless words of the Fathers, and so had provided herself with little cards. She had written half of a quotation on one card, concluding it on another card of a different color. And now her part was done.

"Game time, children. Let's sit around this large table. It's more comfortable, although a table is not necessary. Our game is called

BROKEN QUOTATIONS.

"See these two packs of cards—one white and one pink. On the white card, marked 1, I have put the first part of a quotation we all know. Let me read it to you: *'And I will bless thee and make thy'* . . . . you see it is not finished. But you all know what the rest of the quotation is: *'name great and be thou a blessing.'* The latter part of the quotation, the part I have just read, I have put on a pink card marked 1*A*. Let me read the quotation in unbroken form: *'And I will bless thee and make thy name great and be thou a blessing.'*

"I have done that with many quotations. For example:

"White card (2) *I will not take a thread nor a . . .*

"Pink Card (2A) *shoe latchet nor ought that is thine.*

"White Card (3) *And Isaac's servants digged in the valley and found there . . .*

"Pink card (3A) *a well of living water.*

"To begin the game I shall be dealer. I shall give you each a certain number of white cards and an equal number of pink cards. I shall read the first half of a quotation and ask Jane who is sitting at my left to finish the quotation from memory. If she can do so I shall give her my white card and whoever has the corresponding pink card must also give it to her as a reward. These she will keep face downward. Each card counts one for her score. Should Jane not be able to complete the quotation, Morris sitting at her left will have a chance. If he misses, David, who is sitting next to Morris may try. Some one ought to be able to remember the quotation, but should you all be so forgetful I shall call out the number on my white card and the one holding the pink card with the same number receives my white card.

"Each will have several chances, not only to read the first half of a quotation on the white card you hold, but to complete quotations as often as it is your turn.

"Now let's begin: 'Sarah, thy wife shall' " . . . read Miss Ruth.

" 'Have a son,' " said Jane triumphantly taking the pink card which John reluctantly gave up.

" 'Lay not thy hand upon the lad' ". . . read Jane.

Morris could not remember the rest of the quotation so David supplied, " 'Neither do thou anything unto him,' " thus adding to his score.

David read, " 'I will not destroy it . . .' ".

" 'For the ten's sake,' " happily sang Jean.

And so the game proceeded, the children gaining in speed, in accuracy, and in confidence. Miss Ruth was delighted with her brood. Score time showed a tie between Martin and John, with David a close second and Morris at their heels.

"What's the matter with the girls of the class?" teased the boys.

"Never mind, Miss Ruth, we'll beat them next week, see if we don't."

And so, amidst happy rivalry the morning came to a close.

CHARADES

When the fifth meeting of Miss Ruth's group occurred the children felt as if they had been members of the school for a long time—so much had they learned, so many good times had they had and such thought had been given to others less fortunate than they.

Social service was considered an important part of their training and they were encouraged to sacrifice small pleasure so that their Happy Day Fund for the needy might grow. They had adopted a destitute family consisting of a sick father, a bewildered foreign mother and two little children whom they supplied daily with bread and milk. But besides this they planned occasionally to entertain some crippled children who went to school in their neighborhood.

These children were of their own age and faith, and had had about the same religious training that our little group had been given. In fact, Miss Ruth devoted a day each week to telling Bible stories to these little people, and so her Sunday School class felt very close to them.

The story of Esau and Jacob and their unhappy home life held their rapt attention during the first period. How they felt for the aged Isaac in his sorrow, how they grieved to find their faith in Re-

becca shattered, and how breathlessly they followed Jacob on his memorable journey to Laban's home.

Drama was in the air. Tensely they acted the scenes for their classmates after they had read them. And then Anne had what she thought was an inspiration.

"Why can't we act these scenes for our little sick friends?" she asked.

"Oh! that won't be any fun," said May, "they've probably acted them themselves for Miss Ruth. But I've *another* idea. Let's act out the *syllables* and make the audience guess what we mean. We can take Biblical words and that will make it more interesting. If the syllables are too easy we can act them out in pantomime or dumb show."

"You mean CHARADES. That will be great. May we practice now, Miss Ruth, so that we'll be prepared?" asked John.

"You may have ten minutes now and as much time as you like to think about it during the week."

"What shall we select?"

"Laban is a good word; *lay,* to place, *ban* to forbid."

"And Canaan may be divided into *cane,* a walking stick, *Anne* a girl's name."

"Benjamin is really *Ben,* a boy, *jam,* meaning jelly, and *inn,* a hotel."

"Let half of us be the audience now while the other half will be the actors. We can separate into two groups, each planning a charade at the same

time. Then first one group and then the other will act."

One of the groups for the first syllable of the charade resolved itself into a strict teacher and a stupid class of beginners who appeared unable to learn the alphabet. They seemed to have an unusual amount of difficulty with the first six letters. Not a word was spoken but each time the exasperated teacher pointed to the letters the children shook their heads.

"I can't imagine which of these letters we must pick out," said wise Rosalie, "but I think that either *d* or *e* is the first syllable of the word."

The next scene showed a carpenter shop where all the carpenters were busy chopping wood, planing and sawing. Particular emphasis was given to the sawing but still the audience was in the dark as to the word selected.

It was not until the third scene which showed two men bargaining over something in a bowl that clever Jean called out, "Oh, now I see: *Esau—E* in the first syllable; *saw* in the second; *Esau* and Jacob bargaining over the mess of pottage. That's good."

Of course the actors in the other group had to have their turn. They were ambitious enough to try Mesopotamia, and great were the wrinkling of brows and the frowns of perplexity before the word was guessed.

"We'll have some more for next week, Miss Ruth. Suppose besides refreshments we have an afternoon of games when we entertain our little guests."

"A good idea, Jane. Each time we are "at home" to them we can plan a different kind of entertainment. Now put your thinking caps on, use your wits, and next week we'll talk over what we can do. There's the bell. School is over. Good morning to all."

THE BUTTON GAME

"Next week" seemed so long in coming but seven interminable days dragged their length and at last Miss Ruth's class met once more. No need for Miss Ruth to scold about tardiness; no need for the school secretary to call up the homes of these children inquiring about lateness or absence. One and all there they were. On time?—no, before time, so that teacher and pupil might come closer in weekly talks about things so dear to them both.

"Oh, Miss Ruth, I've so many ideas for our party for our little sick friends. Do you think we might . . ." And so deep in conference were they all that the assembly bell seemed a rather startling interruption.

Back once more in their classroom they rejoiced with weary Jacob over his meeting with the beautiful Rachel, saw poetic justice in Leah's substitution for her younger sister, and were one of Jacob's company humbly returning to Esau to be forgiven.

Before taking up the Joseph stories Miss Ruth felt that she must halt awhile and go over the milestones that they had rather rapidly passed. How much, she wondered, did her group remember of the stories they had studied; which of the ethical thoughts had they made their own? But never so

dull a word as "test" or "review" passed Miss Ruth's attractive lips.

Instead she was seen nonchalantly to open a little button bag and toss from one hand to another numerous buttons of many sizes, shapes, and colors.

"Oh! Miss Ruth, what *are* you doing with a button bag in Sunday School? Are we going to sew for the little orphans?" giggled May. "Will the boys have to sew, too?"

Dark scowls from the boys, which were quickly dispersed by their teacher's, "No, it's my mother's button bag which she was kind enough to lend to me. But these buttons are not buttons today; they are really markers or score keepers which will help us play

THE BUTTON GAME.

"I shall tell you a story which we all know, pausing for a word which you must supply. I might put the class roll on the blackboard and make a check next to your name each time you score, but that would take so long and interrupt our game. So here's where my little buttons will help us: To the first one who calls out the right word, I shall quietly slip a button, going right on with my story without interruption. Then, when the story is over, all you need do is count your buttons and the one with the most buttons wins. Buttons may very successfully be used as markers in all kinds of games in which score is kept. They are small, easily handled, and not so valuable that their loss would worry us.

"Now, are you ready for my Button Game? Yes? Well, then, sit comfortably while we think about a young boy who, more than three thousand years ago lived in Ur. His name was . . ."

"Abraham," said Jean, receiving her first button.

"Abraham's father, his relatives and friends worshipped not the true God but bowed down to . . ."

"Idols," supplied Rosalie, and Miss Ruth passed a marker to her.

"This troubled wise Abraham to whom, as he grew older, had come a very remarkable thought. He felt how foolish it was to pray to something that we could make or break and lovingly taught people to pray to God, our heavenly Father, who made all things.

"One day Abraham felt that God was speaking to him, telling him that he must leave his . . ."

"Country," said Morris.

"And his . . ."

"Kindred," answered John.

"And even his . . ."

"Father's house," said Martin.

"And go unto a land that . . ."

"God would show him," supplied Jean.

"God promised that He would make of Abraham . . ."

"A great nation," volunteered Anne.

"And that He would give unto him a . . ."

"Blessing," answered David.

"But, having received this blessing, Abraham and his descendants would have to be unto the world a . . ."

"Blessing," replied Jane.

"With Abraham were his wife . . ."

"Sarah," answered Rosalie.

"And his nephew . . ."

"Lot," said John.

"Who . . ." and so the stories went on to the joy of both teacher and learners, joy in the giving and the possession of knowledge than which there is no greater. And once more the group separated to look forward to their next meeting.

THE CARD GAME*

And then the measles broke out and devastated the ranks of Miss Ruth's small group. From ten valiant workers, they were reduced to four.

Greetings and class letters were sent to the invalids so that they might be a bit happier. For the children agreed with Miss Ruth that little deeds showing consideration for others also had their place in their social service program. They had put themselves in the place of the absent children and realized how much a cheering message from the outside world would help to lighten the gloom of enforced banishment to the sickroom, and a week in bed.

The stories of Joseph and his erring brothers were told to a very intimate little group of two boys and two girls—Jean, Jane, David, and Morris. They went with him to Egypt, stood with him on the auctioneer's block, saw him sold as a fine slave to Potiphar. In prison and out, to Pharaoh's court they followed him, triumphantly leaving him governor of Egypt.

"But the game, Miss Ruth," pleaded Jane, "can you think of a game for four children to play? I hope you can; they're such fun."

"Why, all of our games except the Baseball Game

*This card game, *The Five Books of Moses*, published by the Dept. of Synagogue and School Extension, is sold by Bloch Publishing Co., Inc., New York.

can be played with as few or as many as you desire. And even Biblical Baseball can be played with six children, although it's more fun with a greater number.

"But today I'll show you a game that even two can play. Here are the little cards which we used for Biblical Baseball. Of course, each week, as we've studied the stories, I've added to my stock of questions until, as you see, my pile has grown. At the end of the term I'll have a goodly number. But all through the year we'll use these cards in various ways.

"The game I am going to show you may be played by as few as two children or as many as ten or twelve. Suppose we divide into two camps and have two games going at once. You may choose partners —opponents they will really be. Jane chooses Jean? Then David plays against Morris. Jane and Jean may sit at this small table—David and Morris may use my desk.

"We will call this game

THE CARD GAME.

"Suppose each of you looks at a card and tells me what you see."

"I see an answer at the top! What a funny place for an answer," said David.

"And three questions," interrupted Jean. "But if I answered each one the answer would be the word at the top."

"But, Miss Ruth, the second question seems

harder than the first and the third even more difficult. I might know the answer to the first question but the answer to the third would puzzle me."

"Quite observant children," smiled their teacher. "You seem to understand my scheme perfectly. The first question on each card *is* the simplest, but as we progress we should be able to answer the second and even the third question. Now put your cards in the middle of the pack and shuffle them well.

"As Jane and Jean are opponents, I shall explain to them what must be done. David and Morris will follow the same rules at their table.

"Put the cards face downward in one pack in the center of the table. Jane will ask Jean one of the questions she finds on her card. If Jean answers correctly she may keep the card, scoring *one*. If she cannot answer Jane will read the answer to her. Jean will repeat the question and answer in a statement of her own but Jane will keep the card, thus adding *one* to her score.

"If three or more play each one asks the question of the player at his left, asking the second child if the first player questioned cannot supply the correct answer. Otherwise the number of people playing this game in no way alters the rules. Now begin."

"Name Joseph's oldest brother," asked Jane.

"Reuben," answered Jean receiving her card. "Now it's my turn. Jane, who was Leah's younger sister?"

"Rachel," answered Jane making her first score.

"Here's a hard one. What, Jean, is the Biblical name for Palestine?"

As Jean did not know Jane told her the answer but added the card, face downward, to her own pack.

Now it was Jean's turn once more. Back and forth came question and answer until the pile of cards in the center of the table had disappeared, scores had been counted, and the morning had come to a rapid close.

TWISTED SPELLING

"I asked my mother to tell me what happened to Joseph in Egypt after he became governor," said Richard, "but she wasn't sure. She said something about a burning bush and that I'd better wait till you told me the whole story."

"Oh, she was getting him mixed with Moses! I know because we saw those moving pictures of Moses in the auditorium the week you were ill. May we tell the children who were absent all about it Miss Ruth?"

"Yes, we will tell them all they missed both in the classroom and outside. Suppose each of you who was here takes his or her turn at being a lecturer, using maps, pictures, the blackboard, or whatever else may be necessary to make your story clear to the audience. Then after we've left Jacob, Joseph and the brothers a happily re-united family in Egypt we'll introduce to you a little baby born as a slave, reared as a prince, fleeing from a palace to become a simple shepherd, leading a multitude from the cruelties of a wicked king. He was a lawgiver, than whom there has been no greater. Do you know his name?"

"Moses," said the children who had seen the moving picture, while the others eagerly listened to that tale so fascinating to children—a story old yet ever

new. It was not until the tenth plague had been recounted that the wide-eyed children were satisfied, feeling that Pharaoh had received naught but his due share of punishment.

"What a foolish king to try to oppose God's will. His mind must have been twisted; don't you think so, Miss Ruth," queried John.

"As twisted as the words in our new game," replied their teacher with a smile.

"What new game?"

"May we play it now?"

"Why are the words twisted?"

"Whose question shall I answer first? But your other questions will be answered when we play to-day's game which I shall name

TWISTED SPELLING.

"There are two ways to play this game so I'll take the simplest first. Now keep your wits about you and look."

And on the blackboard Miss Ruth wrote the following sentence:

Breenu was sorry when his brother was sold.

"Who's Breenu, Miss Ruth, we've never heard of him."

"Are you sure," laughingly asked their teacher. "Look at the letters in Breenu. Transpose them to make the name of a man you do know. The rest

of the sentence should help, too. The first one who guesses it receives a . . ."

But before Miss Ruth could finish, "I know! It's Reuben," said Rosalie running to the blackboard and pointing to the letters as she spoke. "See, *REUBEN*. He *was* sorry, wasn't he, when Joseph was sold."

"Correct Rosalie," said her teacher passing to her a button as a score marker.

"Now the other sentences I shall write slowly, rubbing the entire sentence off as I write the last word. Then we'll see who guesses first."

It took the children no time to realize that when *Hapahor saw too late that it was useless to oppose God's will,* it was merely a twisted *Pharaoh.*

Haaramb left his land at God's call, they quickly transposed to Abraham.

Enomis was kept in an Egyptian prison sounded queer until Anne called out "Simeon."

Five minutes were devoted to playing the game using the blackboard and then Miss Ruth gave the children another surprise, for to each child was given a card two inches by four. On this were written a dozen names in "twisted spelling."

"We'll have three minutes to transpose these names, putting the correct spelling next to the "twisted" one. At the end of that time the one who has "untwisted" the most words, wins. So, on your mark, get ready, go!"

For a moment there were nonplused stares at

1. Riphopat
2. Olt
3. Heracl
4. Limsahe
5. Shopej
6. Arano
7. Bojac
8. Heal
9. Semos
10. Raash
11. Raagh
12. Cabreec

And then busy pencils were at work. "Time's up," said their teacher and reluctantly the children stopped writing.

"They look like Italian or Greek," announced Rosalie.

"Two of them *were* Greek to me," confessed John, "Let's see who's won."

Untwisting the names to Potiphar, Lot, Rachel, Ishmael, Joseph, Aaron, Jacob, Leah, Moses, Sarah, Hagar and Rebecca, the group found Morris, Martin, May and Jane with all the names correct.

"A tie between the girls and the boys. Let's play it again next time so that the boys win," said David. "I'll try it during the week, so, maybe that will help."

HOW, WHEN, AND WHY

"And Moses said unto the people, 'Remember this day, in which you came out of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, for . . .' "

It was Miss Ruth telling to her class the story of the Exodus and the wandering of our forefathers in the wilderness. Their trials and sufferings were relived by their young descendants as were their joys in conquest and their triumph in entry into the Promised Land.

"And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses whom the Lord knew face to face." Over at last was the ancient tale, though by no means over was the grief of impressionable Jean, with her, "But I don't want him to die; Moses is so splendid. Isn't it terrible, Miss Ruth?"

Miss Ruth hastily summoned all her powers of comforting and with a bright, "Game time, children," turned their thoughts to lighter things.

"You remember the game we played the first week we were together?"

"That one called *I Wonder What?* It *was* fun. May we play it again, Miss Ruth?" asked Martin.

"We'll play it but in rather a different way so that we don't tire of it. What did you answer when you were questioned as to the word you had selected by the boy or girl sent out of the room?"

"Why, we merely said 'Yes' or 'No.' "

"Well, this time you may answer using an entire sentence and . . ."

"But, Miss Ruth, that will be too easy. It will tell the questioner just what we've decided upon," interrupted Jane.

"Wait, little chatterbox, till I've finished explaining," smiled her teacher. "It's not quite as simple as that. Our new game is called

HOW, WHEN, AND WHY.

"One player goes out of the room while the rest of us think of a word used in the Bible just as we did in *I Wonder What?* Upon returning, the questioner asks each of us the same three questions—questions with the words *How, When,* or *Why* in them,—until he guesses the word. We will answer these questions truthfully but in a way that will put him off the track. It is surprising in how many ways the same questions can be answered. But the best way to learn a game is to play it. Who wants to be questioner?"

Richard was chosen and in his absence there was much serious discussion until the right word had been selected.

"Ark" was the one finally decided upon as all the children knew the story of Noah, the great navigator.

May was sent to bid Richard return and great

was the giggling and chuckling over the children's certainty that Richard would never guess.

It was to Rosalie, sitting in the first seat that Richard turned with, "How do you like it?"

"When it is strong," answered Rosalie.

"When do you like it?"

"On the water," she replied.

"Well, then, why do you like it?"

"Because it saved a family."

"That means nothing to me," mourned Richard.

"John, I'll have to ask you those questions. How do *you* like it?"

"Made of wood," said John.

"A strong thing, made of wood, on the water," mused Richard, "Oh! what can it be?

"When do you like it?" he queried.

"When I am playing with my toys."

"Now I know less than ever. But why do you like it?"

"Because I've had one for a long time."

"So it's a toy. But how could a toy save a family?" Richard looked mystified at the giggles of the class.

"Hurry up Richard," exploded Anne, "you surely are bright. Do a little quick thinking."

"Not fair, I can't think at all if you interrupt me. I'll *never* get this. Shall I give up?"

"Oh! be a real sportsman, Richard, and don't give up the ship," cried Miss Ruth.

And Richard did not give up though it required

much puckering of the forehead and many questions before *ark* was guessed.

How they laughed when finally he did guess!

"You're right to laugh, I was slow, but you were "in" while I was "out" and next Sunday you won't catch me napping."

BIBLE CHAIN

"Did you ever think about crossing a river without a bridge?" queried Miss Ruth to her group one bright winter morning.

"We might swim over," suggested Martin who had lately joined the Boys' Athletic League and was proud of his prowess.

"Or fly over in an airship," supplied Morris who still talked of his trip abroad when he had flown from London to Paris.

"But airships were not invented and our multitude of 600 families could by no means have swum over. Joshua who, as you know, was leader after the death of Moses had many such problems. But he solved them all as you shall hear. He never forgot his illustrious master and did his best to prove a worthy successor to Moses. And so he . . ."

And once again, with Miss Ruth the class relived that famous crossing of the Jordan, the conquering of Jericho and of Ai.

"What a fighter Joshua was—wish he lived now. He'd be greater than Buffalo Bill, Daniel Boone or even my scoutmaster," announced Richard.

"A chain of great men extends all through the

Bible which reminds me of today's game. It is called

BIBLE CHAIN.

"Each week we've been studying numerous verses from the Bible. Now those of us with the best memories will have a chance to shine.

"I shall begin the game by selecting any verse I choose. Any of you may succeed me but you must recite a verse containing a word that was in my verse. The next one gives a verse that has in it a word used in the second player's verse. Buttons, as usual, will be score markers. Small words like *thee, a, and, thy, in,* etc. don't count. Speed makes the game interesting and no verse may be submitted more than once.

"For example, if I quote the Fifth Commandment,—could I possibly start in a better way?—'Honor thy father and thy mother'—you may use *honor, father,* or *mother* to form your link in the Bible chain. It may please you to select both *father* and *mother* by repeating Proverbs 23:25 'Let thy father and thy mother be glad.' Now *let* or *glad* may form links. Another proverb may be linked by, 'Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth,' and still to that may be added, 'The rich man is wise in his own eyes,' linking with the word *man.*

"But I've told you enough for you to get hold of the way Bible Chain is played.

"Who will supply the first link?"

A pause while all thought for a minute. Then, " 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' " very appropriately suggested May.

Another pause while nine children tried anxiously to recall a verse having in it a word contained in May's verse.

" 'Let the *heavens* be glad and the *earth* rejoice,' " submitted David.

"That's right," said Miss Ruth. "David's verse has really supplied two links—both heaven or heavens and earth. Now who will supply the next?"

"How about, 'Let the field be joyful and all that is therein, then shall all the trees of the wood *rejoice* before the Lord; for he cometh, he cometh to judge the earth,' " asked Rosalie.

Miss Ruth nodded. "*Rejoice* is a good link in any chain. Who's next?"

A moment of silence while all waited, some smiling, some scowling until, " 'And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every *tree* that is pleasant to the sight and good for food,' " offered Morris.

" 'Trust in the *Lord* with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding,' " quickly called out Jean who until then had been silent—a most unusual state for her.

Link after link, the chain grew with scarcely a pause, to the children's delight and Miss Ruth's gratification until dismissal time brought the morning to a close.

ANAGRAMS

It was before school time that a heated discussion started between the boys and girls of Miss Ruth's group.

"Girls don't amount to anything and never did," shouted truculent Richard, "why they can't fight, nor jump, nor even whistle!"

"They can!"

"They do!"

"Of course they do. They're better than boys any day." Richard was overwhelmed by the volume of his opponents' replies but quickly recovered with a counter-stroke.

"Well, if they're so important why don't we hear of them in history?"

"Oh, we do! You forget Florence Nightingale," called out Jane.

"And Joan of Arc," cried Jean.

"And Queen Elizabeth and heaps of others," exclaimed Rosalie.

"But they're not in the history of the Jews so far. Oh, I know you'll say Sarah and Rebecca and Rachel, but what did they *do*?" queried Richard. "They're just people's mothers and cook and keep house. It takes us men to make history, doesn't it fellows?" And what had threatened to be an unpleasant, angry dispute ended with smiles because of

Richard's chuckle and the infectious twinkle in his eye.

"I think that the girls have been quick with their answers to Richard and very courteous, so I'm glad to say that today's story will prove to you how right they are and that we girls do amount to something—even in the history of our people," smiled Miss Ruth. "Have patience until after the assembly period and then see if the tale of Deborah and Barak doesn't convince you that women may be relied upon when they are needed."

And before very long there was painted upon the canvas of the children's imagination the whole thrilling scene from the palm tree of that Mother in Israel to the words of that other mother in Canaan, wondering why her warrior son did not return.

"Sisera, Barak, Joel, Amalek,—how queer the names sound, don't they, Miss Ruth?" mused Anne.

"No queerer than Reginald, Marjorie, Phyllis or Algernon would have sounded to our forefathers," commented Miss Ruth. "But I'm glad to hear you are interested in words, for today's game deals exclusively with them. It is a game of words called

ANAGRAMS.

"Here is a box of Anagrams, such as may be bought at any store. It is easy though to make them. All you need is a sufficient number of cardboards one inch square. On each cardboard put a letter of the alphabet, making plenty of vowels—particu-

larly the *e's*—and numerous copies of the more popular letters like *r, s,* etc.

"All of the letters will be put face downward in the center of the table. In turn each of us will pick up a letter at random and put it face upward in the middle of the table forming a kind of pool from which we all may draw. The object of the game is to form words, as you know. We shall limit these words to those having some connection with our Biblical studies.

"As soon as any player sees a word in the pool, he calls it out and, taking the letters, places them in front of him. If a word has been chosen which by the addition of another letter or letters from the pool can be made into a longer word, any of us who thinks of the longer word takes the shorter word from the other player and places it before himself. Is that clear?"

"It is, Miss Ruth, and will be lots of fun," decided Morris who was good at spelling.

"I hope I'll be quick enough," wailed John whose test marks in school caused him much worry.

"Correct enough, you mean," exclaimed Jean who sometimes took liberties with her good-natured twin.

"As correct as you are, any day," chuckled their older brother David, feeling called upon to defend his own sex.

"Oh, don't let us argue," begged Jane, "but please hurry with the game. Our ten minutes for game time do seem to pass so quickly."

So all the children seated themselves around the large table and the game of Anagrams was "on."

How they laughed as player after player furnished the pool with naught but consonants. There were plenty of p's, s's, t's, and l's; there seemed b's, c's, d's without end; but never an *a* or even an *e* peeped forth.

"Miss Ruth, do you think there are any vowels in this set," appealed Anne who was apt to be rather impatient.

"I know there are—I've played with it many times," answered her teacher. "Wait awhile and all the vowels will come together."

And, indeed, she was right for a veritable avalanche of a's, o's and e's and u's descended upon them. Then shouts and chuckles were heard on all sides as word after word was pulled from the pool. On all sides too might be read Lot, Jacob, Eve, Altar, Dan—and even Canaan made by quick-witted Morris.

"R,E,S,T, rest" called out David, as he selected four letters from the pool.

"That's not a Bible word, is it, Miss Ruth," argued Jean, rather anxious to pay back David for his brotherly rebuke.

"Tis too, 'Six days thou shalt do thy work and on the seventh day thou shalt rest.' If that isn't the Bible I'd like to know what it is. It does count, doesn't it, Miss Ruth," appealed David.

"I'm afraid we must count it if anyone can quote as glibly as that to prove his point."

"Very well then," chuckled Jean, "you may pass *rest* to me, for here are *p* and an *i* and I shall make it *priest*."

The children shouted with glee and even crestfallen David could do nothing but assent.

But when he had taken Jean's *Dan* and made it *Jordan* his confidence in himself was somewhat restored.

THE ACROSTIC GAME

Morris had just been studying Julius Caesar and as in the case of the other children of Miss Ruth's group was most eager to pour out his joys to his sympathetic teacher.

"To think that a crown—the crown of Rome—was offered to him and he refused this honor! Did you ever hear of anyone refusing a crown?"

"Why, yes, Morris; it's rather a coincidence that you speak of Caesar this week when we will study about a Jewish hero who also refused a crown."

"A crown offered to a Jewish hero, Miss Ruth," gasped Jane, who was apt to underrate "merely Jewish" affairs. "Why I didn't think the Jews ever had a kingdom."

"One of the most glorious kingdoms of their time. But that came later with David and Solomon. Gideon, the hero of today's story, was wise enough to refuse the crown a grateful people offered him, knowing that the time for a kingdom was not at hand.

"But to begin at the beginning where all good stories do begin: A new enemy prevailed against Israel, and because of the Midianites the children of Israel fled to strongholds and caves in the mountains. As each harvest was sown . . ."

The spell was woven as scene after scene of the

oft repeated tale was spread before the eager children. With Gideon they entertained the angel of the Lord; with him, too, they modestly deprecated his choice of leader, quoting Gideon's poverty and his unimportance. They thrilled with their chief to learn through miracles that the Lord was on their side; they accompanied him to battle. Triumphantly they emerged.

" 'And Gideon said, I shall not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you.

" 'Thus was Midian subdued before the children of Israel so that they lifted up their heads no more; and the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon.'

"Forty years of peace which the people of that turbulent age owed to the wisdom and bravery of their leader.

"But let us leave Gideon, interesting as he is, and come back to modern times, to game time, to be exact.

"How many of you have ever looked in your grandmother's autograph albums and seen an acrostic there?"

"Oh you mean a poem, each line of which begins with a letter which forms a vertical word," asked Anne who happened to be deeply interested in literature.

"Right, my bright child," smiled her teacher, "and

today we will be old fashioned enough first to make an acrostic and later to play

THE ACROSTIC GAME.

"In honor of Gideon let us form an acrostic using his name.

"I ask for a Philistine city beginning with G."

"Gath," exclaimed Rosalie.

"The name of a man beginning with I."

"Ishmael," and "Isaac," shouted Jean and Jane simultaneously.

"A tribe beginning with D."

"Dan," could be heard from all sides.

"A worthy servant beginning with E."

"Eliezer, of course," called out David.

"A king of Bashan."

"Og," queried Richard.

"Joshua's father."

"Nun."

"That's fun, Miss Ruth," exclaimed May, "you must be quick to get in first."

"But the game is more fun. Each of us will provide ourselves with paper and pencil and divide our paper into five equal parts. Half the class will dictate acrostics this week; then when we play the game another time the others may have their chance. What word shall we use to form our first acrostic?"

"Jacob," decided John, and Jacob it was.

"Are you ready," questioned Miss Ruth. "Then

May will dictate the definitions of her word, the initials of which spell Jacob. Let us all write

J
A
C
O

B vertically in Box 1. Whoever guesses any of the words may write it on his or her paper. Each word guessed counts one. Now, May, we are ready for you."

"I want a pampered boy, a pioneer, a murderer, a giant, a word for confusion," announced May.

It took a good while to guess these but finally most of the children stopped writing, though scowls on the faces of some children and empty spaces on the papers of others showed that all could not readily solve May's problems.

"Is the boy Joseph," asked John.

"Yes."

"Oh, I always think of him as a man," sighed Morris who had left a blank space.

Checks or crosses were put on paper by gratified or mortified children and the questions went on.

"And the pioneer, Abraham?"

"He is."

"And, of course, the murderer is our old friend Cain," chuckled Martin.

"I had a lot of trouble with the giant," mused Anne, "who is he?"

"Giants are apt to be troublesome but I have an idea that this one is Og once more."

"And *confusion,*" appealed Anne, "how can confusion begin with *B*?"

"Why Babel, *baby,*" chorused David and Rosalie to the amusement of the rest of the class.

It was Jane's turn next and after much deliberation she gave the tenth son of Jacob as the word from which the acrostic was to be formed.

"Oh, if I'd only learned the names of those twelve boys by heart, I'd know what she was talking about," wailed Jean.

"A high priest, a holy mountain, a son of Noah, a man sent to procure a wife for his young master, and that wife's niece," demanded Jane.

And then might be heard sighs and chuckles mingled with the soft scraping of pencils until, "Time's up children," from Miss Ruth brought writing to a close and *Asher* made from Aaron, Sinai, Ham, Eliezer, Rachel formed the basis of eager discussion.

BURIED NAMES

It was that joyful half hour before school time—to quote Miss Ruth's group, "the shortest half hour in the morning"—when pupils and teacher delighted in sharing the interesting happenings of the week.

Martin who had been taken to a vaudeville performance was brimming over with enthusiasm and admiration for the "strong man" on the program.

"To think, Miss Ruth, that he could lift six men and bend a strong bar of iron and hold a weight weighing hundreds of pounds. He reminded me of the giants we read about. I never knew there were any real people as strong as he."

"What would you say, Martin, to an ancestor of yours who was strong enough to rend a lion with his bare hands; to escape from a city by walking away with its gates on his shoulders; to kill a thousand men, though unarmed but for the jawbone of an ass?

"No, I won't tell you about him now, not so much as his name until later in the morning but I will say that our forefathers far from admiring the possessor of this great strength held him in slight esteem as one who misused his powers. We Jews have never made heroes of the merely strong man; our heroes were men and women of moral strength—those strong enough to say, 'no,' when 'yes,' would show weakness of character. But now," laughed

Miss Ruth, "my little sermon is over and after we return from the auditorium I'll tell you all about him."

And "tell" she did to a most appreciative audience who paid her the compliment of silent attention.

New to them were the laws of the Nazarites and keenly interested were they in Baby Samson who was to be consecrated to the Lord. With the boy on the road to Timnah they killed the lion; nor were they absent from his marriage festival, mingling with the guests and vainly trying to guess his foolish riddle. To the glee of the male members of the group and the tittering horror of the girls once more were the foxes with burning torch between each pair driven into the wheat fields of the Philistines.

But it was the wicked Delilah, with her persistent treachery who was the object of their scorn. The tale was told to a strangely quiet group who came back to the present with a start!

"How terrible Samson's mother must have felt," gasped Jean.

"And his father and brothers who came to bury him," added David.

"But worst of all is what the Philistines must have thought of all the other Hebrews, Miss Ruth. You said to us that when we do something wrong we bring disgrace to so many others besides ourselves," interjected Anne.

"Yes, he could have been one of our greatest heroes instead of a man we must pity for the misuse

of a power given to him by God. The rabbis say that Samson was punished with the loss of his eyes because he did not use them wisely.

"But game time is here—a game in which those of us who use our eyes most wisely will win.

"This game is called

BURIED NAMES.

"I shall write on the blackboard a sample sentence in order that we may learn what the game is like. Here it is."

And swiftly Miss Ruth wrote:

Bessie likes authors who write fairy tales.

"Spread over two words you will find the name of a man about whom we have studied this year. Can you see him?"

"Is he in plain sight?"

"I can't see him."

"The sentence is about Bessie, not about a man."

"I should have said," commented Miss Ruth, "that the first two letters of his name—as this is a sample sentence I'll say his name has four letters—the first two letters of his name are the last two letters of a word, the next two letters being the first two letters of the following word. Now I've made it too easy so hurry and begin!"

And hurry they did, clever Rosalie winning with, "*Esau*, there he is; the last two letters of *likes* and the first two letters of *author*."

"Good girl," smiled Miss Ruth, "now see who digs up the rest of the buried names.

"On these cards I've written several sentences each of which contains one buried name. As soon as you excavate the name, write it in the little space I have left for it. You will have only five minutes so begin at once."

And immediately ten pairs of eyes were focused on the following:

1—Frances had ambition, energy and pluck.

2—Bessie rose as her teacher entered the room.

3—Please order a marble slab, an iron cover, a metal faucet.

4—For sale, vines, trellises, bushes.

5—She walked energetically to the end of the road.

6—Although naughty Baby tore her bib let her alone.

How tirelessly the group worked, poring over the names again and again. Miss Ruth amusedly wondered if their home work were given this burning attention.

At the end of the allotted time answers were compared and Adam was found buried in sentence one, while the others contained Asher, Laban, Levi, Eden, and Bible, respectively.

The children enjoyed the game so greatly that they begged for more names to dig out, forgetting that Miss Ruth allowed only ten minutes for games, but the pealing of the dismissal bell put an end to their pleading.

I READ ABOUT

Richard, proud in the full regalia of his scout uniform, was the center of an admiring group.

"Yes, I'm to meet my scout master and the troop later at the Hudson Terminal," he explained. "They're going to wait fifteen minutes for me; they asked me to be prompt. If it hadn't been for our Perfect Attendance Banner I mightn't have come. We're going on a long hike—see, here's my kit. Be careful, John; a little fellow like you may cut himself with this sharp knife."

And Richard hastily snatched his bowie-knife from a sorely puzzled John, torn with conflicting emotions: disgust for the patronage which Richard's two added years allowed him to extend and slavish admiration for his senior's uniform and for what that uniform stood.

"I'm glad that Richard was loyal enough to our class to make the sacrifice he did, rather than spoil our record for attendance," commented Miss Ruth. "It meant several miles of additional travel on his part. In return, I think, he should be allowed to leave school somewhat earlier than the rest of us so that there may be no question of his catching up with this troop. I'm gratified, but then, of course

we expect loyalty from a scout. What is the Scout Law about loyalty, Richard?"

And Richard recited, "A scout is loyal. He is loyal to all whom loyalty is due; his scout leader, his home, his parents and country."

"Loyalty to parents reminds me of Damah of whom the Talmud tells us. You know that when this young jeweler was offered a large price for a gem he at once accepted it. Retiring to an adjoining room to bring forth the precious jewel he caught sight of his sleeping father. Of course a loyal son could not be disrespectful enough to waken his parent and you all remember how he refused an even larger price rather than disturb one so dear to him. It was not until his father awakened that Damah would consent to procure the jewel for the anxious purchasers, refusing the higher price, feeling that he could not enrich himself by doing his duty to his father.

"Many times in the Bible and in the Talmud do we have instances of the tenderness and devotion shown by children to their parents. But today we shall talk about a young girl—a Moabitess—one not of our race nor of our religion, who because of her helpfulness and love for a woman not her own mother was honored by having a book of the Bible—the Book of Ruth—devoted to her.

" 'And it came to pass in the days when the judges judged . . .' "

So was the tale of Ruth unfolded to Miss Ruth's small group from that first exodus from famine stricken Bethlehem-in-Judah to that return so many

years later of the grief stricken widows with their memories and their sorrows.

" 'For thy daughter-in-law who loves thee. . . is better than seven sons.'

"Not many of you know the history of David, Israel's greatest king, but it does not surprise us to learn that he was the great-grandson of a noble woman like Ruth."

There was a buzzing and smiles and nods among the girls of the class.

"Miss Ruth, do you think you're related to Ruth," asked audacious Jane.

"I'd like to believe that I am," smilingly replied her teacher.

"Well, we all think you're as sweet and lovely as she was. So there! Don't we girls?"

And to Miss Ruth's pink ears there came a lusty cheer from her admiring class.

"Children! children! what will you do next," their embarrassed teacher cried. "Let's do something sensible; let's play a game."

"Oh! what is today's game called, Miss Ruth," excitedly asked May.

"Well," laughed Miss Ruth, "I must confess that I never thought about giving it a name, so until one of you supplies one we will call it

THE NO NAME GAME.

"This game will make you think hard, will train your memory and will be lots of fun, too.

"I shall ask John, who is next to me two questions. I shall say, 'What are you reading?' and he will reply, 'The Bible!' "

"That sounds easy!" ejaculated John.

"Then I shall say," continued Miss Ruth, " 'About whom have you been reading'? You may mention anyone you choose."

"About Issachar," laughed John.

"Now John, ask Rosalie the same two questions. She must give your answer and add something of her own."

Rosalie supplied, "Hagar," and turned to Martin who added, "Naphtali."

"Goodness," interrupted Anne, "why do you take such hard names?"

"The more to puzzle you, my dear," grinned Jean.

But Anne succeeded in repeating the three names that had been given, mischievously adding "Methuselah."

"Now Jean, dear, what book did you read?" she queried.

"The Bible," laughed Jean, "that's easy."

"And whom did you read about?"

"I read about Issachar, Naphtali, Sarah and Methuselah."

"Ho! Ho! smarty, you're wrong," added John, "it wasn't Sarah at all, but her step-wife, Hagar."

The children laughingly appealed to their teacher.

"Now what happens when she misses, Miss Ruth?"

"Well, we can count it against her when we score or each one who misses can drop out. I think that will be better and make the game somewhat shorter.

"Watch your P's and Q's now so that you don't miss.

"Anne will have to repeat her question to Richard. I wonder if he can remember about whom we read. The interruption has been rather a long one."

But Richard's memory was good and he was able glibly to rattle off the names, adding "Jochebed." David failed and so did Morris but when twenty names had been added to the list a stubborn battle between Rosalie and Martin still raged. In the excitement Martin omitted "Ruth," to the glee of the girls, the chagrin of the boys.

"And to think you forgot 'Ruth' of all words," jeered May, "after we'd read about her today. Oh! now I've got it!"

"What," shouted the class.

"The name for our No Name Game. Let's call it, I READ ABOUT."

BIBLICAL DIRECTORY

"How many of you enjoy watching a parade," asked Miss Ruth one bright winter morning.

"I do."

"I love them."

"So do I."

"Oh! The last parade I saw was. . . . . ." And a flood of reminiscences poured upon their sympathetic and earnest young teacher.

"I think—don't you—it's much more thrilling to see a whole procession rather than one individual by himself, however important he may be," she said.

"We are about to start a new book in the Bible but before beginning this journey into the unknown let us procure grand-stand seats and see the familiar procession of the heroes and heroines of our family with their friends and their enemies march by. Some of them will be our favorites and as they pass we may wish to talk at greater length about their achievements.

"As each one of the procession passes our grand-stand, the announcer will tell who he is, where he came from and what he has done.

"Listen well; in the distance I hear solemn strains of music and the tramp of many feet. Do you see

that small speck upon the landscape? Look! it is gradually assuming human form and size. Why, it is Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees! Morris, the announcer, may tell us all about him."

On and on, helped by the eager imagination of the class, passed the procession—a motley group of heroes and heroines, their weaker sisters and brothers, with a villain and a villainess to complete the picture. A long train it was with young Obed bringing up the rear.

"Why, I didn't realize how much we had learned, Miss Ruth," exclaimed Anne. "Each lesson seems different and more interesting, somehow, when you know what's coming next."

"Like standing on a mountain top and seeing all the objects in the valley," added poetic Rosalie.

"It's just the way I wanted you to feel," replied Miss Ruth. "Now do you wonder that students joyfully read their Bibles over and over, gaining new knowledge each time they pore over its pages? You've often admired this pretty mosaic pin. Knowing each story separately is like looking at one of these lovely but tiny stones. When we know all our Biblical stories—and what a marvelous collection of tales they are—it is like rejoicing in the design of the completed pin.

"Our game today will interest you because it is a very modern thing played with ancient actors.

Let us pretend that we are compiling a

BIBLICAL DIRECTORY

or a telephone book if you prefer. You remember a directory has the names listed alphabetically with the addresses placed next to them. Each of us will supply ourselves with two large sheets of paper and fold them into six boxes. Using both sides of the paper makes twelve boxes for each sheet—twenty-four boxes altogether. We'll head each box with a letter of the alphabet. Never mind about the f's, w's or q's; I don't think you'll need them. Now in each box we'll put as many names of Biblical characters as we can think of corresponding to the letter at the top of the box. That will be easy. But when it comes to the address—the place where these people lived—we'll have to use our thinking caps.

"Suppose we all start together so that we may be sure to understand what it's all about. I'll use the blackboard in the beginning. Now whom shall we list under the A's in our Biblical Directory?"

"Adam," called out John.

"And where does he live?"

"Well he began in Eden," he chuckled, "but I heard he moved out."

"Eden will do for his temporary address," smiled Miss Ruth.

"Who's next?"

"Aaron of Egypt," exclaimed Anne.

"And Abraham of Ur."

"How about Asher?" asked Martin.

"Address, please?" queried his teacher.

"The nearest I can get to it is Canaan."

"Oh! and Achan of the tribe of Judah," called out Jean.

"Poor Abel also lived near Eden," added David.

"Didn't Joseph's wife, an Egyptian lady, have a name that began with *A? As* something. . . ." exclaimed Rosalie.

"Wait! wait just a moment! it's coming back to me! Asenath she was called," shouted Jean triumphantly.

"Very good indeed, Jean," complimented her teacher, "but we're all doing nicely—much better than I had anticipated. I think we understand the game now so let's turn to our papers and begin with the B's. Watch the clock and in ten minutes we'll check up our names and addresses and see whose list is longest. We'll play this game again later in the term and as we learn about more people it will be interesting to see the lists grow. Now begin."

And for ten minutes there was silence in the room punctuated only by sighs or mutterings as the busy scribblers compiled an ever growing list. Miss Ruth was gratified to find Barak of the tribe of Naphtali, Bethuel of Aram Naharaim, and Bil-

hah of Haran sharing places with Benjamin of Canaan and Boaz of Bethlehem.

And of course there were Cain, who, the children decided moved to the land of Nod, east of Eden, and Caleb of Judah in the *C* box.

"That looks rather empty," decided the class. "We must study some more stories so that our *C* list may grow."

"Look at the ladies in the *D* list," giggled May, "with Deborah, Delilah and Dinah to crowd him out, poor Dan must feel rather lonely."

Longer and longer grew the list with the *J's* completely filling each child's box and bulging into the rather scanty *K's*.

There was just time to include Zaphenath-Paneah, "Alias Joseph," according to Morris, and Zipporah when dismissal time and the bell brought the lesson to a close.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

"Now for the new book of the Bible about which you spoke last week, Miss Ruth," begged May. "What's it called?"

"Suppose instead of my telling you, you open your Bible and find out for yourself," replied Miss Ruth.

"Why, it's called Samuel I and here is Samuel II. Were they father and son?" queried May.

"No, both are about the same prophet, but although Samuel's death is recorded in the first book bearing his name, Samuel II is so named to show that a great man's influence does not cease with his death.

"But now for our story: 'There was a certain man of Ramah of the hill country of Ephraim and his name was Elkanah. . . . . and he had two wives. . . . . .' "

And again were the children wafted back to Shiloh to behold at the door of the temple the aged Eli, the grief stricken Hannah, the disreputable Hophni and Phineas.

Once more did they rejoice with the longing mother when the little son was laid in her arms—once more did they share her sacrifice in giving him in charge of the priest.

Samuel's answer to God's call moved them strangely. One and all, they vowed that they too would be ready with, "Here am I" when their summons came.

"By having determined to do right though all those about him did wrong he was prepared for God's call," added Miss Ruth.

" 'Be prepared'! why that's the Scout's motto," mused Richard. "Samuel was really a Boy Scout though he never knew it."

"He was that in many ways with all the good qualities of a true scout," responded Miss Ruth.

"Be prepared! It reminds me of today's game. I wonder if you're prepared to recognize the quotations I shall present. These are quotations we have read, though not necessarily memorized in previous lessons. I have not taken the best known ones, for that would be too easy. The first one who identifies the quotation gets one point. We will keep score."

"Has this game a name, Miss Ruth?" queried methodical Jane.

"Why not call it

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

"Are you ready? Well, here is my first quotation. What does it mean to you?"

And to her keenly interested group Miss Ruth read, "It is true certain men came to me, but I did

not know where they came from nor do I know where they have gone."

"Why Miss Ruth, that doesn't sound like the Bible. It sounds just the way we talk today."

"That is one of the fascinating things about the Bible. It tells about real people; therefore we read what real people have said in a real way. But you haven't answered my question yet. Who said this quotation?"

"Oh, it does sound familiar but I can't think where I heard it," wailed Jane.

"Give us a hint, a tiny hint, please, Miss Ruth," coaxed Anne.

"Not even a piece of one! I think I'll make it a rule that if no one can identify the quotation before I count twenty-five—I'll count on my fingers so as not to distract your attention—you will each get minus one on your score and will have to work that off.

"Here I begin to count." And on her fingers Miss Ruth commenced ticking off the numbers in what seemed a very rapid manner to her group. She had reached twenty-two when, "Oh! wait, wait," gasped Rosalie, "I think I know now. Wasn't it Rahab's answer to the King of Jericho when he asked about the Hebrew spies?"

"You score Rosalie! Won by a hair's breadth," laughed Miss Ruth. "And now for my next offering. We seem so backward this morning that I'm

afraid it's very appropriate. 'O Lord, I am not eloquent, neither before nor since Thou hast spoken to Thy servant, for I seem slow of speech and slow of utterance.' "

Silent grins for a moment, showed that the children felt their teacher's comment was justified. Then,

"Moses' word before . . . ."

"Before he returned to Egypt," chorused Jane and May in one breath.

"That's better," complimented Miss Ruth. "My third one's a tiny one: 'Send me away to my master.' "

"Oh! that's easy," spoke up Martin. "Those are Eliezer's words to Laban. I remember that lesson very well because we studied it on my birthday."

"Not fair," chimed in Morris with a grin, "you had an undue advantage over the rest of us. My birthday comes in August, worse luck!"

" 'Hast thou here any besides? Sons-in-law and thy sons and thy daughters and whoever thou hast in the city bring them out of this place,' " went on Miss Ruth.

"This place being Sodom, the 'thou' Lot, and the speaker the angel," announced Morris.

"My! what an explicit boy," sarcastically whispered Martin, "you're a bright child, aren't you?"

"Let us all have the benefit of your remarks,

Martin," returned Miss Ruth, "or in Biblical words, 'I pray conceal nothing from me; may God do to you whatever He will if you conceal from me a word of all that He spoke to you.' "

"It wasn't worth hearing, Miss Ruth," chuckled Morris and at the giggling of the class Martin felt that the tables were turned.

But he took their smiles good humoredly and re-established himself in his own estimation, at least, by identifying the quotations as Eli's words to the child, Samuel.

And then all at once the group "woke up" according to their teacher and answers came from all sides with gratifying rapidity.

"That's better," cried Miss Ruth at the end of ten minutes. "You began badly but two quotations, not in the Bible, describe this class: 'Slow but sure wins the race,' and 'All's well that ends well.' "

AUTHORS

One morning Miss Ruth was seen to place on her desk a candy box of popular make and attractive design.

"Mm!" cried Jane, "how my mouth waters, even if it is between mealtimes. Do you think Miss Ruth is going to treat the class?"

"Oh, look," whispered Richard. "She's putting a slit in the cover and from the way she handles the box it seems very light. Do you suppose there's a caterpillar in the box? Maybe it's a new way of teaching Bible stories!"

But the curiosity of the children was soon appeased when Miss Ruth explained the purpose of the mysterious box.

"This is called a Question Box," she was saying. "Each week you deluge me with questions that have puzzled you in your work, sometimes interrupting me in the middle of the lesson, whenever the thought happens to strike you. Don't you think it would be better to prepare those questions during the week, jotting them on a scrap of paper and knowing that when you come to Sunday School there will be a box waiting to receive them? Then, if I can, I shall be glad to answer them, and if I'm unable to do so I'll look them up or consult our Rabbi and have

your answer ready for you for the following week."

The children, bursting forth with eager queries, were delighted at the thought of the Question Box.

"Must the question be on this week's lesson?" asked David. "I am often puzzled about things that have nothing to do with the work we happen to be taking up, though they have something to do with our religion. But often when I come to Sunday School I've forgotten what they were."

"I'll be willing to answer anything you may care to ask, David, if it is within my power to do so."

"Now that I go to Sunday School, my big sister often asks me things I can't answer," put in Jean, "could she send questions to our question box?"

"If she wishes to do so," smiled Miss Ruth. "The whole family may consider themselves eligible."

"But now, no more about our Question Box; let's think about today's lesson," continued the teacher. "Samuel grew up to be just the kind of man he gave promise of being as a boy . . ."

And again did the group find itself in ancient Canaan, trying to bring unity to the scattered tribes, agreeing with Samuel on the necessity for a greater feeling of "oneness" and urging them to think well before electing a king. With the handsome Saul, "head and shoulders above his fellows," they went to seek his father's asses; with him their hearts beat at the thought of future kingship; with

him, too, they triumphantly routed the cruel Ammonites.

"Oh, let's go on and hear what comes next," pleaded John. "I do think Saul is splendid."

"And game time? Shall we give up our game?" reproached Jean.

"Oh, no! I forgot about the game for a moment. What is it, Miss Ruth?"

"The game I'm using today is not a game I made but one I bought,* although home-made sets are quite as satisfactory. It is the well known game of

AUTHORS

used with Biblical books and characters.

"There are only forty cards in this set, so I've bought two sets and we'll divide into two groups. Let us seat ourselves at our two tables.

"These cards are arranged to form seven 'books' or groups of four cards each, and two prize 'books' of six cards each, completing our forty.

"Each group of cards relates to a Biblical book or group of books. For instance, the card I hold in my hand is labeled Book 1, Card 1. At the head of the card is printed *Genesis,* while below are various characters found in Genesis: Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, Joseph. Book 1, Card 2, has *Adam and Eve* at its head, with the *Genesis* below

**Bible Game of Old Testament Books.* David C. Cook, Pub. Co., Elgin, Ill.

in place of *Adam and Eve*. Book 1, Card 3 might have *Joseph* at its head, with the other names below.

"Book 2 deals with Exodus, the cards being labeled Moses, Ten Commandments, Pentateuch, etc.

"Book 3 contains the Judges group. The cards are labeled Joshua, The Conquest, Gideon and Ruth, respectively. If, for example, Joshua is at the head of the card, you will find the other three words below.

"One player deals the cards as evenly as possible. The person seated at his left begins the game. He has looked over his cards and finds that among them he has two cards of the sequences of Book 3: Card 1 and Card 4. He may ask any other player to give him Card 2 of Book 3. Should the player whom he asks have that card, he must give it up and the inquirer has another turn, asking the same player or someone else, perhaps, for Book 3, Card 3. If the player he asks is unable to give him the card, the first inquirer loses his turn temporarily and the one at his left takes his turn and proceeds in the same way. No one may ask for a certain card unless he has at least one card of that book. As soon as you have all the cards belonging to a book, you put them on the table in front of you, telling the other players that you have the Book of Genesis or the Book of Conquest, as the case may be.

"Naturally the player with the greatest number of books wins. All this sounds very complicated

as I explain it, but it's really quite simple. Let's play it and then you will see that I am right."

The cards were dealt by Jean to David, John, Rosalie and Anne in one group. David chuckled as he looked at his hand. He felt that he had been lucky, for he held Cards 1 and 3 of Book 1, Cards 2 and 4 of Book 5, as well as four single cards of scattered books.

"John, you look as if you might have Book I, Card 2. Please hand it to me," grinned David.

"Gracious, how did you know? Here I was saving them up," grumbled John.

Triumphantly David pocketed it. "Well, if you say 'them' you must have another at least. So kindly hand me Card 4 of Book 1 at once."

"Are you a wizard or are my cards made of glass?" gasped John.

"And now," recklessly added David, "hand me Book 1, Card 5, to make my set complete."

"Caught, Mr. Smarty, I haven't got it," grinned John. And David lost his turn.

But Anne, who did hold the missing card kept her own counsel until it was her turn, when she succeeded in taking from David the four cards he had treasured so carefully.

How the shouts and laughter of the children rang out as the game progressed.

"This is the best game we've had so far," cried Richard, the winner of three books.

"But we say that each week," said Jane, "so they're all the best."

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF?

Morris had brought to Sunday School a clipping from the daily newspaper.

"Look, Miss Ruth," he exclaimed, "I happened to be looking over the paper to find a topic for my Current Events Club for my week day school, when I came across this. I thought the class might be interested in it."

And he showed to his teacher a newspaper clipping headed *Wall's Collapse Aids Palestine Explorers. Leads to the Discovery of the Tomb of Jehoshaphat.*

"Indeed they will, Morris, perhaps more so in a few weeks from now when we study about King Solomon and his sons; for, see, here is a reference to the Tomb of Absalom. Let us put it on our Bulletin Board until we reach Absalom in our work. But you've given me an idea. Why shouldn't we, in Sunday School form a Current Events Club, as you call it, just as well as the pupils in your secular school do?"

The children gathered around the teacher's desk and eagerly agreed that the idea was a good one.

"Each day, in the papers, there are many refer-

ences to the land where our history was made," said Miss Ruth. "It takes only a short time to find them and we'll all be repaid for our small effort. Suppose each week after our Question Box Period we devote ten minutes to discussion of those Current Events that have particular bearing on our work," she continued.

"Those who bring in clippings will be the lecturers, locating on the map before school such places as they will talk about and using our Jewish Encyclopedia when necessary. Then the lecturer will tell us in his own words what he has read, looking at his clipping only when he wants to quote exactly from it. Do you think you will like this?"

Of course the answer was unanimous, each child secretly determining to be one of the lecturers for the following week.

"And now to return to Saul whom you so greatly admired," continued Miss Ruth. "Until he had conquered those tribes who threatened Israel's safety he felt that he would be a king in name only.

"His office brought duties and difficulties rather than royal luxury and pomp. And . . . . . ."

The group was off to war at the first trumpet blast: Let the Hebrews hear. With Jonathan they climbed the perilous mountain pass at Michmash, with the people they rebuked Saul's hasty vow and demanded a ransom for the life of the young hero of the hour.

"Miss Ruth, what would you have done if you had been Saul when you found it was your own son who had taken food against your command?" asked Rosalie as the dramatic story was finished.

"Oh! oh! don't answer, Miss Ruth, I've thought of a game," cried Anne.

"That's splendid! I have a new assistant," said Miss Ruth. "Then I shall save my game for next week. Tell us about yours now, Anne."

"Well you all know the game of Consequences," began Anne, "how each player writes a sentence in answer to a question, folds up the sheet so that his answer is not seen, and then passes the paper to his neighbor.

"Suppose we put a question*—we might take the one Rosalie asked—at the top of each sheet. We'll have as many different questions as there are children in the group. The first one to have the sheet must make up a good question requiring real thought. Then she passes it to her neighbor. The papers may be passed as many times as we wish and then all the answers read. Isn't that a good game?"

"It sounds great! May we try it, Miss Ruth?" asked John.

"Yes, I'm as anxious as you are to see how it turns out.

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*Based on a Suggestion from *The Jewish Teacher Vol.* 1 E. H. Lehman. Bloch Pub. Co., Inc.

"Here are the sheets of paper. You'll have two minutes to think of a good question and a minute for each answer. Now, then, off we go."

Walking round and peeping over the children's shoulders, Miss Ruth found herself keenly interested in the questions that were being written.

"I couldn't do any better myself," she mused, "the dear things won't need a teacher soon—not for games at any rate."

And these are some of the questions she saw: What would you have done—

If you had been Moses' mother when the Princess said she would pay her for nursing her own baby?

If you had been Deborah when Barak refused to go to battle without her?

If you had been Jonathan's armor bearer when Jonathan asked him to attack the Philistines?

If you had been Lot when Abraham gave you first choice of the land?

If you had been Joshua when it was found that Achan had stolen the wedge-shaped piece of gold and the Babylonian mantle?

From child to child the questions passed producing merriment on some faces, puzzlement on others.

But their reading aloud was the best fun of all. How Martin and Richard nearly came to blows over their answers, how Miss Ruth needed all her

tact to pacify them, how the group pleaded for just one more question, "please, Miss Ruth!"

"But we haven't given this game a name," said Jane.

"Oh yes we have," declared the proud author, "we've all said it many times. It is called

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF?

ACTING PROVERBS

" 'Hath the Lord as great a delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than to sacrifice and to harken than the fat of rams.' "

It was Miss Ruth's group dramatizing the rebuking of Saul by Samuel and a severe prophet indeed was Morris, sternly reprimanding Martin, a very humble and subdued king. They had read about the young musician, deciding that no one but their own David must take his part to soothe with his music their sullen, low-spirited monarch, and a splendid harpist did David make.

With the hero and the villain parts given to the boys of the class, to say nothing of the mighty Philistines, the girls of the group felt quite "out of it," until they were assured that no less a part than that of a king's daughter, with all of her ladies-in-waiting awaited one of their number, and most graceful was their dancing and sweet their chanting to welcome the return of the victorious captain.

"Oh, Miss Ruth, that was great," gasped Jane who had been a most alluring Michal, "that was great. I do think there's nothing that's as much fun as acting. Can't you invent an acting game for us?"

"An acting game," repeated Miss Ruth, "give me a moment to think."

"Oh, my voice is so tired from singing to brave Captain David, that I couldn't say another word," put in May. "Can't you make it an acting game where we don't have to talk?" she added mischievously.

"Say, why not ask for the moon," cried John, "what do you think Miss Ruth is,—a wizard?"

"Witch is the feminine for that, baby," condescendingly chimed in David. "When you take up grammar as I do," he continued grandly, "maybe you'll get your genders straight."

"Just a moment more. Yes—no—yes, indeed I have it now," cried Miss Ruth, "and I think I'll be able to satisfy every one of you. It will be an acting game, one in which we don't talk and one in which the action concerns words believed to have been uttered by David, the hero of today's lesson.

"It will be something like Charades, except that instead of acting one word we will act in dumb show an entire proverb. Each of us knows by heart many of our famous Biblical proverbs so it should be easy for the rest of us to guess what they are, if the actors are definite and clear enough."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Ruth, "burst out Jane, "how nice of you to think out a new game, at a moment's notice for us."

"I hope you'll like it," replied Miss Ruth, "let's see what we can make of it. It is called

ACTING PROVERBS.

"Suppose we have two teams to start with—the boys and the girls. Three minutes for each team to think out a proverb and the way to act it."

And then subdued giggling, chatter, and laughter might have been heard in the two camps with many an, "Oh no, that won't do," or "Yes, that's right, what fun, they'll never guess."

"Team one on the stage," chanted Miss Ruth, and then an amusing sight was seen.

Rosalie, her hair plastered behind her ears was twirling an imaginary mustache and looking very severe.

"Oh! Rosalie's a man," chirped John.

"A regular motion picture hero," jeered David almost producing disaster on the stage.

Talking to her in pantomime was May, who, by annexing Miss Ruth's hat and coat seemed suddenly most mature.

Into this peaceful atmosphere, running and skipping and constantly interrupting her elders came Jean to the annoyance of the gentleman on the stage. She seemed to be pleading for something which was denied her by the lady and the gentleman. Far from taking their decision with good

grace she resented their attitude throwing herself on the floor and stamping and kicking.

"What is it?"

"What can it mean?" was the bewildered comment of the audience.

"I think I know," smiled Miss Ruth, "but I'll wait to see if I am right and perhaps one of you will guess. But see what our actors are doing."

In vain did the lady and the gentleman attempt to continue their conversation. The annoying child on the floor insisted on being heard again and again.

Distractedly the gentleman was seen to look in all directions as if seeking a particular object. Relief spread over his countenance when he picked up a ruler and attempted to chastise the irritating child who, fully protected by the lady's hastily outspread skirts, jeered at the gentleman and at the audience from their shelter.

"Oh! Spare the rod and spoil the child!" chanted John, amidst the mirth of the audience. "That's splendid! Our turn now!"

"Did you know it, Miss Ruth?" queried Jane.

"I suspected it," was the answer, "but now let us see what our boys can do."

A strange sight did the boys present. On all fours came David carrying John on his back. To the goldfish tank did John lead the way, there, carefully to put the tank on the floor where the other actor seemed eagerly to lap up the water.

"Oh, David must be a horse or a mule," giggled May, "I always thought he was stubborn."

"It can't be, 'You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink,' because this horse is drinking," said Jane.

"See what a good master John is; he is combing and patting his animal," exclaimed Anne.

"Oh, look at David licking John's hand! He likes it," grinned Rosalie.

"But see what's here! Oh, poor, poor, Martin," chattered May.

For in on all fours staggered Martin, somewhat to Miss Ruth's dismay, carrying on his back plump Richard and lusty Morris. He seemed to be a most unfortunate beast, getting nothing but kicks and slaps for his pains, being especially punished when he wanted to visit the goldfish bowl. With a gasp and a groan he fell backwards, spilling his cruel masters in the midst of the group.

Blank silence on the part of the audience greeted the end of the pantomime.

"A righteous man," began Miss Ruth to be joined by her laughing class, with, "regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

"Oh, sleepy heads, I had to start that one for you," chided Miss Ruth.

"But we were so busy laughing," apologized Anne. "Martin is the funniest mule I ever saw!"

THE LAST LETTER GAME

" '. . . And these days should be remembered and kept throughout every generation, every family, every province, and every city; and that these days of Purim should not fail from among the Jews.' And to show their gratitude and happiness, year after year has this feast been kept with kind deeds and rejoicing.

"We Jews remember those less fortunate than ourselves by sending them gifts on Purim; among ourselves we usually celebrate the day by having what is known as a Purim Ball," explained Miss Ruth to her deeply interested group. "And now for what you children will consider the best part of all—our Sunday School is going to give to you all a real Purim Ball—a costume ball with masks and prizes and . . . ."

But she got no further when, "Hooray for this Sunday School! That's the best news I've heard yet," interrupted Richard, "a masked ball for us children!"

"When will it be, Miss Ruth," excitedly added Jane, "In two weeks? Phew! we'll have to hurry with our costumes!"

"What must we wear?"

"When will it take place?"

"Who may come with us?"

Questions burst from all sides. It seemed useless to answer this over-exhilarated group, who excitedly interrupted each attempt.

"Now my sister can't treat me like an infant," grinned Jean. "I'll tell her I've been invited to a dance, too."

"Three cheers for Queen Esther and good old Mordecai; if it hadn't been for them we'd never have this Purim Ball," cried John.

"Well children," began Miss Ruth, "I suppose you're much too excited to play a game today," when from all sides came reproachfully, "Oh, Miss Ruth!"

"I really didn't think you could calm down enough to concentrate on one," she added amusedly, "but if you really want one, we'll play a quiet game—one of the paper and pencil kind. Your brains may be as nimble as you choose but when we finally play, each one for himself, your tongues must remain silent," she insisted.

"I call this game

THE LAST LETTER GAME

for that is what it is.

"I shall try a sample for a moment at the blackboard and then each of us will have five minutes to work by him-or herself.

"I may start with any word I choose—suppose I

begin at the beginning and write *Adam* for our first word. Now who can think of another name in the Bible beginning with M, the last letter of Adam?"

"Moses," quickly called out John almost before the rest of the group had grasped Miss Ruth's meaning. *Moses* was placed next to *Adam.*

"No word, of course, may be repeated," continued Miss Ruth, "and, as you see, *S* is the next letter required."

"Saul," piped up Jean.

"Laban."

"Leah."

"Leviticus."

"Levites," came simultaneously from all sides.

"We'll take *Laban,*" said Miss Ruth, "and save the others for later.

"But now that I see you understand suppose we continue the game on paper."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, working together is such fun! Please let us continue at the blackboard and keep button score," pleaded Rosalie.

And as the others chimed in with, "Oh, yes, please, we'd love to," the chain of "last letters" was lengthened by teacher and class working together.

"N is our next letter; who can think of a word beginning with N?" asked Miss Ruth.

An ominous silence greeted her question. "A

word beginning with N is so hard," muttered Anne, "I believe there are none in the Bible."

"Silly," chuckled Morris, "You've said it!"

"Said what," returned Anne.

"Why *Nun,* Joshua's father," laughed Morris teasingly, taking his button.

And so Nun was added to the chain.

"But now you've let us in for another N," groaned Jean, "don't you know better than that?"

Noah, though, filled the breach, quickly to be followed by, Hagar, Rachel, Leah, and Hur, with Reuben, Naphtali, Isaac, Caleb, and Bethuel at their heels.

"Game time is over, children," inexorably announced Miss Ruth, and though it seemed hard to believe her the dismissal bell echoed her words.

THE SPELLING GAME

"Children, children," wearily groaned Miss Ruth, "Whatever has happened to you all? Has the Purim Ball gone to your heads? Or isn't spelling taught in our schools any more?

"See, here are the test papers which you handed in last week and which I tried my best to correct. The answers are splendid; you all seem to know your work from little Jean to big Morris who has now turned thirteen. But oh! the spelling! I tried my best to figure out what *Ahasras* stood for and decided it must mean Ahasuerus; and as for *Laben, Josof, Leeh,* and *Rubin,* they must be a masquerade of Laban, Joseph, Leah, and Reuben. Such careless people don't deserve games until they mend their ways! Remember now, one and all, no matter what we do, we must put our best effort into it. A task poorly done is unworthy of a good laborer."

And the children hung their heads and looked sheepishly at each other, rather ashamed of that one of their number who tried to excuse himself by saying, "*he* always *was* a poor speller," but mentally vowing to do better next time.

So, very quietly to a subdued group did Miss Ruth continue her story of David. How shocked

they were to find Saul, their hero, tumbling from his pedestal, how they rejoiced with Jonathan in David's friendship and how they felt for Michal at her lord's escape, declaring it was better than any "movie" they had seen.

"And is this really the Bible," exclaimed bright eyed Martin, "why it's bully!"

"I used to think the Bible was dull—just prayers and religion and things too hard for us children to understand, Miss Ruth," added Jane. "This sounds like the escape of Douglas Fairbanks in the Arabian Nights."

And so it was an appeased if not a gratified teacher who once more prepared for game time.

"Get the box of Anagrams, John," she said, "and let us gather around one large table."

Ten pairs of eyes brightened immediately, ten pairs of feet scampered to the table with alacrity.

"Aren't you good to give us a game after saying we wouldn't have any," giggled May.

"I didn't say you wouldn't have any; I said careless people don't deserve any," replied her teacher, "but once in a while in this world we get more than we deserve and in a few moments I think you'll understand why I've selected this game which I've called

THE SPELLING GAME.

"Each of us may dictate to all of the others the

hardest Biblical word which we can think of. Then we'll all form that word with our letters. Of course we must not look at our neighbors. If we miss we must put our letters back in the center pile. At the end of the game the one with the most words wins.

"Jean, you may begin by dictating what you think is the most difficult word."

Puckered brows on Jean's part for a moment and then, "Ahasuerus," she called out. "I know I missed that on my test paper, but I think I can spell it now."

For a short time all were busy but when each child had formed the word Jean spelled it aloud, correctly this time.

David had mixed his "a-s" with his "u-s", so his letters went back into the center pile; John had substituted an *i* for an *e;* and Anne had ended her word with a double *s* but all the others were correct. "Sabbath," called out Morris whose turn came next.

"Oh," put in Jane, "that's too easy," only to be quite crestfallen at the laughter of the group when it it was found that she alone had put an *e* for the *a* in the second syllable.

"Well, I'll never miss it again, at any rate," she vowed. "How about *Potiphar* to get even with the rest of you?"

That was a hard word with only Rosalie and Richard left in the field.

Sodom and Gomorrah, Aramean and Pharaoh, Naphtali and Eliezer brought disaster in their wake and the end of the game gave victory to Jane with Martin close behind her.

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you have shown us how stupid we are," exclaimed Anne ruefully, looking at her small list.

"Not stupid," replied Miss Ruth, "just careless. But if you will look at the words so often that you can see them with your eyes shut, think of their syllables and how the words sound, correcting our next test papers will be more of a joy."

BIBLE VERSE GAME

"Miss Ruth, do you know what happened during the week?" exclaimed Morris to his teacher one morning. "In my literature class there were four references to the stories we have studied in this group."

"And did you recognize them before your teacher pointed them out?" asked Miss Ruth.

"I did," replied Morris.

"There's more to it than that, Miss Ruth," chimed in Jane, "my cousin told me about it. He said that Morris was the only boy in the class who could explain the references. They think he's very smart in school."

And she grinned mockingly at modest Morris' unhappy blushes.

"In my English class, too— we're studying poetry just now—there are so many allusions to verses in the Bible," spoke up Rosalie. "Most of the children don't understand them, but it's very interesting for those of us who have been to Sunday School."

"I've not said much about this," replied Miss Ruth, "but let you find it out for yourselves. There is no book on earth so frequently quoted as is the Bible, the most important book in the whole world. A wise Englishman, C. G. Montefiore, has said, 'It

has taught people more and helped them more; it has made them better, nobler, gentler than any other book has done.' And because of its greatness and its effect on us, we, who understand just a very small part of the wonders of this remarkable book, love to quote from it, to read its quotations and the frequent allusions to people and events pictured in it. That is one reason—for the joy it will give you all your lives—why I've encouraged your memorizing many of the wise sayings of this Book of Books.

"Your speaking of this just now, Morris, pleases me, for the game I've selected for today deals directly with verses from the Bible."

"What is it called, Miss Ruth?" asked methodical Jean who liked to ticket everything.

"It shall be nameless until the game period," she was told.

"And now to follow David on his flight. You remember we left him fleeing from his home, his bride and his country, and all because of Saul's foolish jealousy. To whom would he naturally turn in his troubles? To Samuel, of course, who. . . ."

Cleverly and sympathetically on her interested young audience did the narrator weave her spell—telling how an ancient Robin Hood with his valiant Six Hundred rendered aid to hard-pressed Keilah; how the outlaw spared his enemy's life; how the

impulsive king, if only for a short time, was made to see the error of his ways.

To a man, the boys of the group decried their fate, bemoaning that the time for bravery and adventure was no longer at hand. It seemed hard, for a time, to convince the group that there were still giants to be slain, still enemies to be generously treated.

"Psalm 59 is supposed to have been written by David during the night when his house was being watched by Saul's guards. Shall we read it?"

And the memorable words, beautifully read by the teacher, meant much to this group now that its setting had been explained to them.

"But the Psalm reminds me that I haven't explained today's game and there will be just enough time left to play it," Miss Ruth continued. "We might call it

BIBLE VERSE GAME.

"Any one may begin by giving one word from a Bible verse. Each of us may try to guess which verse the leader has in mind by quoting a verse with that word in it. If you guess the verse *you* have a chance to ask the rest of us to find your verse."

"That sounds interesting but hard, Miss Ruth," said Jane, who did not have much confidence in her memory.

"Perhaps you won't find it as hard as you think it is," replied her teacher. "Who wants to begin?"

"May I," asked John; and continued, "Well, then I'm thinking of a verse that has the word *eyes* in it."

"Oh, gracious, every thought has flown from my head," gasped May. "I can't think of a thing, can you?"

But Rosalie, to whom the question had been whispered, did not answer. A queer little frown that meant concentration appeared between her eyes, and then, "I have one. Is it 'Unto thee I lift up mine eyes?' "

"No, but that's a good one and very like it," said John, "I might have taken that if I had thought of it."

"How about, 'I will set no base thing before mine eyes,' " asked Anne.

"Wrong, too" was the answer.

"Well then," said David. "were you thinking of what Joseph said when the brothers came to Egypt: 'Behold, your eyes see and the eyes of my brother, Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaks unto you?' "

"Oh what a long one."

"But it's the wrong one," chanted John, thoroughly enjoying the importance of his position.

"I can't think of another one, I give up," came from all sides, when, "May I play too," asked Miss

Ruth. "There's still at least one left that I remember."

And her delighted class found that, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; from whence cometh my help?' had won the game.

BIBLICAL CROSS WORD PUZZLE

"Miss Ruth, can you help us out once more?" anxiously inquired Rosalie of her teacher. "Morris and I have been working on a cross word puzzle for the last three days and just one word stumps us and is holding us up."

"It's a nine letter word meaning *covenant* in Biblical use. And when I look up *covenant* in the dictionary the only nine letter word I find is agreement," objected Morris. "But agreement won't do at all in our puzzle. So we thought we'd come to you."

"Let me think it over for awhile," replied Miss Ruth, "and perhaps, during the morning, it will come to me."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, wouldn't it be fun to solve a

BIBLICAL CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

I've tried most kinds but I've never seen one like that," exclaimed Anne.

"That's a splendid idea! Suppose we ask our two High School students, Rosalie and Morris, to invent one for us. Will you have it ready for next week?"

Assent was readily given and the group settled

down for its regular lesson, following with Miss Ruth, Captain David and his men to Maon, there to protect from marauders the flock of the ungrateful Nabal. To the delight of the girls of the group, the less openly shown admiration of the boys, the culminating love story was told and Abigail followed Ruth, Deborah and Esther as one of their honored friends.

That Sunday the children selected by vote their favorite game and *I Wonder What?* was again played But this time two children were sent from the room, and for variety a person and an object closely associated with him were selected to be guessed.

The children labelled the game

MAN AND OBJECT

although the feminine sex was not excluded, Jael and her tent pin and Deborah and her palm tree being chosen as well as Moses and the bulrushes and Noah and the ark.

The dismissal bell had rung and the children were on their way to the street when swift footsteps were heard coming in their direction.

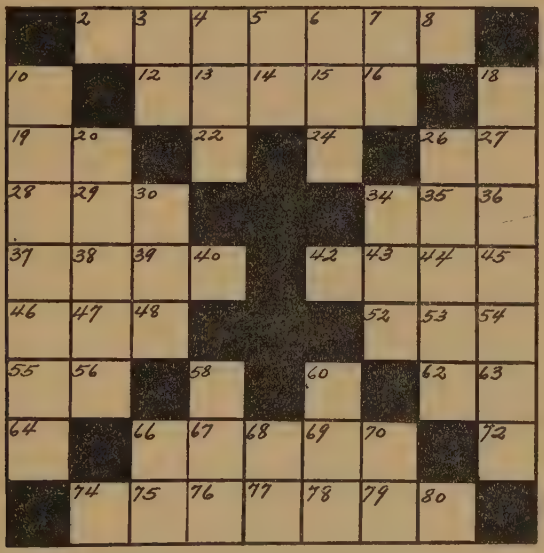
"Wait Rosalie, wait Morris," called their panting teacher, "I've thought of it at last! Your nine letter word meaning *covenant* in Biblical use must be none other than a word we so frequently use. Try *testament* in your crossword puzzle!"

"It is! It fits!" cried both children delightedly.

"How nice of Miss Ruth," added Rosalie, "we

must work hard, Morris, not to disappoint her with our crossword puzzle for next week."

And work hard they did, as Miss Ruth found upon her entrance into her classroom the following week. For carefully drawn on the blackboard was the following diagram—the child of its proud authors' brains:



Below it they had carefully printed:

HORIZONTAL

2. A repentant brother.
12. A man whose son taught the worship of the true God.
19. Initials of two words used to describe our Bible.

26. Diminutive for the name of a person you are commanded to honor.
28. A man who desired riches rather than good neighbors.
34. To jump.
37. Past tense of verb "to be indebted for."
42. Hasty (kind of man spoken of in Proverbs 20:25).
46. First beings spoken of in Genesis 6:1.
52. A piece of earth from which a golf ball is struck.
55. A conjunction meaning *either*.
62. Abbreviation for a word meaning *a public way*.
66. The brother of a maiden mentioned in the Bible for her courtesy.
74. A mother who was partial to one of her children.

VERTICAL

3. Latin word meaning *and*.
4. Abbreviation for the name of one of Joseph's brothers.
5. A town in the Chaldees.
6. Another name for the Pentateuch.
7. An exclamation.
10. A king in Israel who understood the speech of the animals.
18. The son of a mariner mentioned in the Bible.
20. A building which brought trouble to its architects.
26. Israel's greatest prophet.
30. The number of most famous statutes ever issued.
34. A covering which conservative Jews wear in the synagogue.
58. A flap.
60. A terebinth tree.
66. Foreign word meaning *the*.
68. The verb "to exist."
70. Abbreviation for the name of a continent.

With excited trembling fingers they pulled a map over the board, so that until game time was announced nothing might be seen of their effort.

"Would game time ever come? What was the matter with that clock? And Miss Ruth, usually so interesting, so eagerly listened to—what *was* she talking about," felt the two inventors, hard put to restrain their impatience.

Ah! what was their teacher saying? "And now for our crossword puzzle, which Rosalie and Morris have been good enough to make for us." And at last the drawing on the blackboard was visible to all.

"It's not very good, I'm afraid," cried Rosalie. "You see, we couldn't find *all* Bible words—not for the tiny spaces—because, of course, they had to fit in with the other spaces."

"Yes, we had to use one Latin and one French word, but if you younger children don't know those languages we'll help you," said Morris magnificently.

"Don't forget, grandpa, some of us go to Junior High School," cried Martin, and Jane, Anne, and Richard were seen to nod emphatically.

"Let's begin and see what we can find," suggested Miss Ruth. "Morris and Rosalie did not take me into their confidence and as I know just as little about the puzzle as you do, we'll all enjoy solving it together."

"Horizontal 1 says, 'A repentant brother.' That might include Jacob or about ten of Joseph's brothers—so that doesn't get us anywhere yet," announced Jane.

"And Cain had much to repent," put in Martin.

"But it must be a seven letter word," spoke up Rosalie. "Don't forget that."

"Don't help them, Rosalie," muttered Morris. "You make things much too easy."

"I've counted over all the repentant brothers I know and the only seven letter one I can find is Zebulon. Let's try that," spoke up Jean.

"It fits," cried Richard, "and as I looked ahead I found that Vertical 3 must be *et*. I know it's *and* in Latin; I learned that yesterday."

"That gives us T for Horizontal 12," chimed in May. "That's easy and *Terah* fits."

"*N* in 22 makes *Ben,* and *W* in 24 *law*. Hooray, one quarter done.

Quickly the children filled most of the squares, but the two letter space in Horizontal 19 kept them guessing until Miss Ruth smilingly helped them out of their dilemma by supplying *Old Testament*.

"We've almost finished. May we have just a few minutes more, Miss Ruth?" they begged. "We'll stay after school if you'll let us," and Miss Ruth, with no desire to quench their enthusiasm, consented.

Then with magical speed appeared Solomon, Re-

becca, Laban, etc., until by a most gratified group the puzzle was solved.

"Three cheers for Rosalie and Morris," cried the children, "for constructing this splendid puzzle."

"Well, then, six cheers for you all for solving it," replied rosy Rosalie.

"And nine for Miss Ruth for encouraging us," finished Morris.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

Horizontal	*Vertical*
2. Zebulon	3. et
12. Terah	4. Ben
19. O. T.	5. Ur
26. Ma	6. Law
28. Lot	7. Oh
34. hop	10. Solomon
37. owed	18. Japheth
42. rash	20. Tower
46. men	26. Moses
52. tee	30. ten
55. or	34. hat
62. St.	58. tab
66. Laban	60. oak
74. Rebecca	66. le
	68. be
	70. N. A.

UNFINISHED SENTENCES

"Only two more lessons, children, and then our very pleasant year will have come to an end," rather soberly announced Miss Ruth to her group one bright spring morning.

And though the children had known that school time was drawing to a close their teacher's words brought a feeling of sorrow to them all, for the year had been a good one, with its interesting combination of work and play, social service and recreation.

On Miss Ruth's part there was that mixture of emotion that always comes to a real teacher when another year's work is ended—joy at the thought of the anticipated rest; pride at a task conscientiously done; regret at the loss of a group that had become unusually dear to her.

"Today our story will be a short one and we will leave David at the height of his ambition, about to be made king of the tribe of Judah and later ruler of the entire nation," said Miss Ruth. "Let us follow him to Philistia where under the protection of Achish of Gath, he and his valiant Six Hundred took refuge."

It was hard for the children to learn of their hero's deceit and excited debates ranged between those of the group who were scathing in their criti-

cism of David and those who attempted to defend their fallen idol.

The defeat at Gilboa and Jonathan's death saddened the young members of the group while Saul's brave end won their admiration.

"This special group has covered the ground so quickly—I'm glad to feel that later in your work, when you are placed in regular classes you will take up these stories in greater detail—that we can halt for a while and look back at the milestones past which we have hurried," commented Miss Ruth. "Our game for today will help us to do so. It's name

UNFINISHED SENTENCES

describes it well, for that is what they are.

"Jane, get the bean bag, please, from the cabinet, and all of you listen while I explain what we will do.

"Any of us may begin to tell one of our Bible stories. Instead of relating the entire story or even a smaller part of it, the narrator will stop before he has finished his first sentence and throw the bean bag to any other member of the group. Even if that person does not catch the bag—as long as it touches him—the one to whom the bag is thrown must go on with the sentence, stopping in the middle of his next sentence. Should he not be able to do so before I count ten, he must drop out of

the game while the one who had thrown the bag throws it to another player. Sentences may be quite long and involved.

"Shall we begin? Whoever catches the bean bag may do so. Ready now! Here it goes!"

May caught the bag and after a moment's thought began as follows:

"In a fertile country, many miles west of the river we call Euphrates, in a beautiful tent, with his dearly beloved wife and young nephew, surrounded by many slaves who hurried at his beck and call, and a multitude of cattle, there dwelt a wise man who . . . ."

Just as the children were becoming interested, the narrator stopped, and the soft thud of the bean bag against David's arm warned him that he must continue.

"A wise man who—good gracious, what shall I say—who dearly loved his kindred, his father's house and his country, although when summoned to leave them by . . . ."

"God," quickly continued Martin to whom the bag was thrown, "showed his willingness to obey and immediately gathered together his large household, going forth to teach to others the wonderful thought which had come to him that . . ."

And child after child continued the old story putting in it his best effort and getting out of it that interest which comes from a tale well told.

It was a reluctant group which parted to look forward rather wistfully to the last of those meetings which had grown to mean so much to them all.

THREE SURPRISES

"Oh! our last meeting; don't you feel sorry," whispered May to Jane the following week.

"I do, but Miss Ruth has promised us three surprises when we return to our room after the assembly period, and I am awfully curious to see what they are," was Jane's reply.

The assembly period seemed unnaturally long to Miss Ruth's small group but at last they were back once more in their familiar classroom and the first surprise awaited them.

On each child's chair mysterious hands had placed an attractive card, addressed to the chair's usual occupant. Upon eagerly turning it over each child found a little poem, inviting them all to spend next Sunday afternoon at their teacher's home and hinting that more surprises awaited them.

The acceptances were unanimous as Miss Ruth had hoped, the children happily assuring her how delighted they would be to come.

And now to each child was given a box which, upon being opened was found to contain a *Bible puzzle picture story* or a *map of Palestine*.*

The children were kept busy putting the pieces

*This material may be secured from Bloch Publishing Co., Inc.

together and helping each other when a particular portion proved unusually difficult.

But the climax of the morning was reached when silently Miss Ruth darkened the room, and a portable moving picture machine unreeled to their delighted and absorbed interest the tale of *Joseph and his Brethren.*

Midst Oh's and Ah's the screen unfolded to them their favorite story—twice as dear to them now when they could visualize what no description could make so clear.

"Miss Ruth, the surprises were perfect!"

"And we're so happy!"

"And you're so good!" exclaimed the ecstatic children.

And Miss Ruth felt more than repaid for her year's hard work.

FOUR GAMES

Promptly at two o'clock were the members of Miss Ruth's group, to a man, at her doorstep, on tiptoe with anticipation. They were cordially welcomed by their teacher and by Emmy Lou, her twelve-year-old niece from Baltimore, who would do her part in making the children feel at home.

"Now that we're all here—a dozen of us with Emmy Lou and me—" smiled Miss Ruth, "the serious business of the afternoon—that of having a good time—must commence.

"How many of you have ever heard of a Treasure Hunt?" she continued.

"I did."

"And I."

"Me, too," was the response.

"Well, I'm reading Treasure Island; it's great," cried David. "That fellow, Stevenson, certainly knew how to write."

"That was the kind of treasure hunt that was originally meant, but Treasure Hunts have been revived, both in England and in America, with a modern touch.

"People start for a specified goal, follow mysterious clues, and the ones who are most quick witted and nimble carry off the treasure.

"That gave Emmy Lou and me an idea and we've arranged a

BIBLICAL TREASURE HUNT

for you this afternoon," added Miss Ruth.

"Well, all I can say is, if you have as much fun finding the treasure as we had hiding it, you'll have a fine time," put in Emmy Lou.

By this time the children were so excited that they could barely control themselves to listen, having all they could do to keep from jumping up and down with glee. Indeed John's heels beating a regular tattoo against Miss Ruth's most treasured chair, set a pace for the others which grew in volume and in speed.

But Miss Ruth was continuing, and now their rapt attention was given lest a word should escape.

"We have taken many of our familiar proverbs and cut them in half," she was saying. "They are written on this brown paper which, as you see, is very inconspicuous and blends with the furniture and the drapes, making it difficult to distinguish it.

"If you find a paper marked 1 you may bring it to Emmy Lou or to me. We will give you credit for it. Slip 1 will contain not only the first half of a quotation, but will hint to you where the second half is located. Should you find a slip marked 2 you must leave it where it is unless you have already

been credited with the first half of the quotation by one of the markers.

"Slips will be found in the most unexpected places on the three floors of this house. You will have half an hour for your search. At the sound of whistle, thirty minutes from the starting time, you must be in this room and the winner will be announced.

"There is only one room where you must not enter for the present," smiled Miss Ruth mysteriously, "and to make sure you will not be tempted to do so I have locked the door and mislaid the key." And grins on the part of the children made Miss Ruth feel that her precaution had been a wise one.

"To all whom it may concern:" announced Emmy Lou, "the hunt is on. It's time—to—start!"

For a moment nothing happened and then at once in all directions they scattered; some on all fours under chairs and couches; some on tiptoe craning their necks and absurdly but anxiously searching the ceiling; others madly rushing downstairs in their eagerness to enter the hunt.

Somewhat to Miss Ruth's surprise it was Richard who brought the first treasure to Emmy Lou as marker, who promptly jotted down, on the score card with which each child had been supplied, the time at which the treasure-proverb was handed in.

"See Emmy Lou, what a good one I found to start on: *Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,*" ex-

claimed Richard, "but the hint which has been written:

If my second half you would find
Hasten to improve your mind

puzzles me. How can I improve my mind so quickly? While I'm doing that the others will find more treasure."

Emmy Lou seemed bursting with a desire to help him, but her aunt's watchful eye was upon her, so she pressed her lips tightly shut and shook her head.

"Oh! Now it comes to me," cried Richard. "Reading improves the mind, so the second half must be in a book.

"Yes—no—yes, indeed, here it is, sticking out of the leaves of your dictionary," and Richard beamingly presented Part 2: *And the man that obtaineth understanding,* to the marker.

But now the markers were being besieged and had all they could do quickly to check up each hunter's treasure, so that no time should be lost.

John had found Part 1: *He that hath knowledge,* pinned to the portieres with the hint:

When you're weary and would rest
Go to Part 2—that is best.

and on the comfortable couch had found, nestling under a huge pillow, the second half of his proverb: *spareth his words.*

Plump, happy little Jean very appropriately dis-

covered *A merry heart* under the table with the hint

Walking up and down each day
Will keep overweight away

and on searching the stairs came across Part 2: *Maketh a cheerful countenance,* on the lowest step.

All too quickly did the whistle announce that the thrilling half hour was over and in trooped the hunters eagerly awaiting the award of the prize.

When scores were added up it was found that two of the contestants were tied and so Martin was made happy by receiving a Scout knife, Jean by the gift of some dainty colored handkerchiefs.

"This has been such an active game that the next will be a quiet one," said Miss Ruth when her laughing, excited group had temporarily settled down. "You will each receive a card and here is a pencil for each of us with our own names printed on it—by the way, at the end of the afternoon the pencil is your property," and Miss Ruth could go no further until the "Oh's" and the "Thank you's" had died down.

"Emmy Lou and I worked very hard to prepare this game which is called

RECOGNITION.

As you will see we very diligently searched through magazines for advertisement pictures that would answer our purpose.

"You will find fifteen pictures pasted on each

card with a number next to each picture. We hope that each one will remind you of a famous Biblical character closely associated with it. For instance, had we given you a picture of some bulrushes—which we haven't—we would have expected you to write 'Moses' next to it.

"You will have only ten minutes for this game. Hand your cards in as soon as you have finished, for if more than one should have all the names correctly guessed speed will count—the first one to hand in a correct paper, is the winner."

And to each child was given a card with the following pictures numbered and pasted on it:

1. Some arrows.
2. A red cord.
3. A palm tree.
4. A rough mound at the edge of some water.
5. An olive branch.
6. A bowl containing a cooked cereal.
7. A smooth round stone.
8. An apple.
9. A coat with long sleeves.
10. A ladder.
11. Seven cows.
12. A wedge shaped piece of metal.
13. Three baskets, one above the other two.
14. A bush (which had been doctored up so that it seemed in flames).
15. A jawbone (I must confess that Miss Ruth mutilated her student-day zoologies).

"Not much time to waste," murmured Jane, and off they were, with flushed faces, bent heads and rapidly traveling or nervously bitten pencils.

"Time's up!" shrilled the whistle and papers were eagerly corrected.

"Number four stumped me," cried Jane.

"Lot's wife—Mrs. Salt Pillar, isn't it, Miss Ruth," asked Jean.

"Who has all the answers? Only half of us? Now that's too bad. Read yours, May."

And May proudly read Jonathan, Rahab, Deborah, Lot's wife, Noah, Esau, David, Eve, Joseph, Jacob, Pharaoh, Achan, Pharaoh's Baker, Moses, Samson."

She was found to be the only one with all the answers correct. A bead necklace which she happily wore was her reward and Miss Ruth proceeded to the next game.

"An active game for our next one," she was saying to the delight of the boys. "Of course you've all played Stage Coach. What! No? Well, I must be getting old, forgetting that this is a new generation," laughed their pretty, young teacher. "In regular Stage Coach the leader assigns a different part of the coach to each player, naming one the wheels, another the brakes, a third the window, etc. He then tells a story bringing in many times each of these parts. As a part is mentioned the child who has been given that name must jump up and turn around. If he has not done so by the time the leader goes on, the forgetful child must pay a forfeit. In

BIBLICAL STAGE COACH

I shall give to each of you the name of a person or place mentioned in the Bible. Emmy Lou may join you in this game and we will play it in the regular way."

How the children enjoyed the game, laughing heartily when David, forgetting that he was Hebron, had to pay a forfeit twice in succession.

"Our last game before the most important part of the afternoon"—how well they knew to what Miss Ruth alluded—"will be one that is called

THE HALL OF FAME AND THE ROGUES' GALLERY.*

"On this large chart I have pasted twenty-five pictures of men and women about whom we have studied. As you see, though each one is numbered none of them have titles. Here is a sheet of paper for each of you, divided into two parts, the Hall of Fame heading one part, Rogues' Gallery the other part. Place the names and number of those people whom you can identify in either the Hall or the Gallery. I shall let you decide where they belong!"

Much merriment was caused by this game and only the fact that Miss Ruth insisted that each one must work by himself kept the children within bounds.

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*Based on a Suggestion, *Jewish Teacher, Vol. II.*, Eugene Lehman. Bloch Pub. Co., Inc.

This time Rosalie was fortunate enough to win the prize—a box of correspondence cards which she declared was "just too sweet for anything."

And then to the strains of a stirring march, in they trooped to the dining room, the key to which seemed mysteriously to have been found, and partook of those good things which have always gladdened children's hearts and seem likely to do so for unnumbered ages to come.

While they were at the table Miss Ruth added to their merriment by asking them what she called

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usually supplying the answer herself, to the glee of her young guests.

How they laughed to find that *tennis* was played in the Bible *"when Joseph served at the court of Pharaoh;"* that Pharaoh was the first carpenter *"because he made of Joseph a ruler;"* that money was first mentioned in the Book of Books *"when the dove brought a green back"* to Noah in the ark and that the *smallest* men were *Nehemiah* (knee high Myer) and Bildad the Shuhite (shoe height).

"There is even a tinier man mentioned in what is called the New Testament. He is the soldier *who slept on his watch!"*

"Ha, ha," laughed Jean. "That's the kind of soldier you would make, John. Mother never can get him up on time."

And so amidst happy laughter and joyous intercourse the afternoon came to an end and the group waved "goodbye" to the teacher who was their friend.